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## LETTERS

### Brown failed

*New York City*

DEAR SIR: Your editorial on the California Republican gubernatorial and Democratic primaries ["California, There She Blows!," *The Nation*, June 20] is a clear, intelligent analysis. However, I notice that you again mention Governor Brown—as you have sometimes had occasion to in the past—in a somewhat favorable context. To many of us, Brown is not another Earl Warren or Hiram Johnson (men who, incidentally, shine in comparison with their fellows, but whose intrinsic merits as humanitarians seem lacking) but merely the man who could have (1) followed through correctly after his correct appraisal of the roots of the Watts riots, but who instead unleashed the brutal suppression of the rioters; (2) struck a blow for free speech by publicly upholding the rights of the Berkeley FSMers; (3) saved the life of Caryl Chessman. On all these points Brown failed—failed as a human being.

*Jerry Engelbach*

### baby Marines

*New Orleans, La.*

DEAR SIR: On the morning of May 17, the students of Jesuit High School in New Orleans were treated to an event which will become common in high schools all over the nation in the next few months. The noted event was the activation ceremonies for the first U.S. Marine Junior ROTC program in the country. This program is for youths in the age group 14-18 and is the first of 12,000.

The latest move to militarize the youth of the country did not go unchallenged, however; several pickets were on hand and many students of Jesuit High objected. The pickets carried signs reading: PEACE CORPS NOT MARINE CORPS, HOW MANY MORE MUST DIE FOR JOHNSON'S MISTAKES? WHY TRAIN OUR CHILDREN TO BE KILLERS? and WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PRINCE OF PEACE? . . .

During the demonstration, a picket was struck by an irate father of one of the boys, the same man then spat on two female pickets and tore up a sign. . . . The students and parents were addressed by Gen. Wallace M. Greene, U.S. Marine commandant; the Rev. J. Donald Pearce, school president, and Rep. F. Edward Hebert, an alumnus of Jesuit High and the proud father of the ROTC revitalization bill.

General Greene congratulated the students for being chosen as the first unit in the United States to receive the "honor," and said: "We in the Regular Marine Corps are proud of this new addition to the Marine Corps family." The Rev. Donald Pearce stated that the United States is presently fighting in Vietnam "to preserve the ideals established here 200 years ago." He went on to say: "If our youth is rightly instructed our power will be greater than any weapon man can devise. . . ."

*Jack J. Frazier*

### more about Sylvester

*Washington, D.C.*

DEAR SIR: Your editorial of June 6 ["Did You Hear That?"] makes the point that Arthur Sylvester, the Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs, once threatened newsmen in Saigon with "I know how to deal with you through your editors and publishers in the States." I can testify from personal experience that Mr. Sylvester does not confine his threats to newsmen.

In a radio broadcast on June 24 (on Washington  
(Continued on page 19)

## EDITORIALS

### The Kennedy Safari

President Kennedy rated his brother Robert as a major political intellect and insisted on having him in his Cabinet. On his African safari, Senator Kennedy proved that President Kennedy's evaluation was not overdrawn. Everything the Senator said was well said, and, in a precarious situation, he did not make a single misstep. Even his confusion and embarrassment, on one occasion, turned out to his credit. The trip was a good thing for the United States, for the Africans, and for Kennedy himself. What Richard Nixon said at a Republican fund-raising dinner on June 11 is now even more emphatically true: "Bobby Kennedy will be the second most powerful man in the Democratic Party in 1968. Whether he challenges the President or not will depend on the polls." It will also depend on Kennedy's courage and his ability to sustain the political *élan* he showed on his African journey.

For the first time in memory, an important American said the right things in the Union of South Africa. By denying entry to the American press, the Verwoerd government assured special attention to Kennedy's visit. Nor was the news blackout complete. The *New York Daily News* had a correspondent—George Laing—in Johannesburg, and he syndicated the story after traveling with Kennedy.

The white supremacists had expected Kennedy to get a mild welcome from English-speaking university students. Instead, 4,000 students, who had waited for hours at the airport, hoisted Kennedy onto their shoulders and marched him triumphantly into the terminal building. The mobbing was repeated in Capetown, in Durban, and even at Stellenbosch University, a hotbed of Afrikaaner nationalism.

The trip must have been educational for Kennedy as well as for the Afrikaaners. When he tried to shake hands with an African member of the ground staff at the Kimberley airport, the man fled. To shake hands with a white man would have been perilous for the African. But thousands came to hear him speak, and surged forward in an uncontrollable mass, shouting, "Master, Master"—the only word of praise and gratitude they knew. In Tanganyika Kennedy met a more sophisticated crowd of black Africans. They listened to him politely but in grim silence, and Kennedy knew the reason: Vietnam. His hands trembled and he spoke awkwardly. But he recovered and, abandoning his written text, spoke directly to the young, to those, as he put it, "with the fewest ties to the past, the fewest ties to the present, and the greatest stake in the future."

At no point was Kennedy the self-righteous American abroad. He conceded our faults and said only that we were aware of them (some of us at least) and were trying to do better. There he was speaking not only to the Africans but to liberals, intellectuals, progressive labor and, in general, that part of America which is left of Center. If he is to achieve higher office than the Senate, that grouping must be the nucleus of his support. If events favor, it can spread from these elements to the less differentiated electorate.

His risks are as great as his opportunities. From a professional political viewpoint, his start has been made too

early. It is more than two years to the 1968 election, six to 1972. The big issue on which the coming elections may turn is Vietnam. Kennedy has sent up one trial balloon on the issue of opposition to the Johnson policy of escalation in Vietnam, then pulled it back. Whatever the outcome, the United States is in for endless trouble in that part of the world. Even if the Vietcong are conquered, at enormous cost, Vietnam will turn out to be a Pyrrhic victory for American military power. Kennedy must show that he foresaw disaster and opposed it while it was still politically hazardous to speak out. Winston Churchill came to power in Britain by opposing the government in power. A lone voice, when it speaks truth, is the loudest. And Kennedy's voice is already strong enough so that he cannot be ignored. His African trip made him an international figure. Now, with a continuation of nerve and verve, he is in a position to capitalize on it in U.S. politics.

## The Cry of the Cities

This year's meeting of the U.S. Conference of Mayors in Dallas was notable on two counts. The first is that the mayors of New York, Boston, Detroit and other cities made it clear, in a national TV broadcast, that some of the money being spent in Vietnam had better be turned to solving the problems of the cities, before conditions become completely chaotic. The mayors mentioned \$33 million a day, but this figure is outdated. Only a few members of the inner circle of the Johnson Administration know what the war is actually costing, but it is nearer \$2 billion a month than \$1 billion, and probably before the end of the year it will exceed the larger figure.

That hurts. As Marquis W. Childs points out in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, a mayor's life is not a happy one. Half the time he is beating a path to Washington holding his hand out for money, merely to keep afloat. The rest of the time he may be fighting a state legislature which regards the city as a den of iniquity, in contrast to the pristine purity of the constituents on the farm—those who are willing to remain there. A cooperative governor is an exception rather than the rule. These afflictions of the typical big-city mayor are almost taken for granted, but when Washington is pouring billions into an overseas war, on top of the billions routinely allocated to "defense," many mayors must be asking themselves if there are not easier ways of dying.

The compensating factor in this, for the country if not for the mayors, is that the cities they represent are one of the most significant potential sources of political pressure to curb the excesses of Vietnam. Organized labor is for the most part acquiescent, business even more so, because in the short run both benefit by the war. But the cities' financial plight is such that the local officials who are trying to cope with it may be able to transmit some of their desperation to Washington. Mayor Jerome P. Cavanagh of Detroit and Mayor John F. Collins of Boston called for a "total reassessment and re-analysis" of national and international commitments. Mayor Lindsay of New York concurred. These men are national figures, close to the grass roots. Cavanagh is running against G. Mennen (Soapy) Williams for the Democratic Senatorial nomination in Michigan. As he tours the state, most of his audiences

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applaud his stand on the Vietnamese war, which is to stop the escalation and try to negotiate a settlement. And Detroit needs the funds a settlement would release.

Equally significant at the conference was the blunt talk of Mayor Henry W. Maier of Milwaukee on city-suburb relations. One of Maier's proposals is that the federal government should put pressure on the suburbs to bear part of the burden of housing and education in the cities, where people of low income (or none at all) are concentrated. The central city, Maier points out, is left to become "the receptacle for all the functions the suburb dweller does not care to support." He contends that "the islands of the privileged could not exist unless they were paid for by islands of the poor." The well to do flee to the suburbs and, from these enclaves, sally forth daily to make money in the cities, then return at night to the comfort and relative security of their outlying homes. When, as Mayor Lindsay proposed, they are asked to pay a city income tax which would impose a negligible burden, their screams resound over the whole metropolitan area.

At the same time "metropolitan hypocrisy" keeps suburban schools tightly segregated. It is poor form to mention this fact, but Maier spoke about it at length. The mayors, at his suggestion, asked the federal government to cut off financial aid to suburbs which are not willing to think and act in terms of metropolitan areas. Such action would be a step in the right direction in any effort to check the degradation of the cities, and the only immediate source for the huge sums this would require must come from possible cutbacks in military spending in Vietnam.

## The Economics of Pollution

The economics of water pollution has not received anything like the attention the subject deserves. It is currently estimated that the nation suffers almost \$13 billion annually in damage from water pollution. Technically it is possible to upgrade the quality of water to any extent necessary; the problem is largely a matter of economics. As the *Illinois Business Review* (University of Illinois) points out, the costs rise sharply once pollution is severe. "Once any practice is permitted," the *Review* notes, "it becomes entrenched in a vested interest that cannot be dislodged without a fight." The longer pollution is tolerated, the higher the costs will be and, if tolerated long enough, the costs can become prohibitive.

Yet pollution is not lessening as one might assume from the attention it is getting in print; on the contrary, because of rising population and industrial output, we are facing a deteriorating situation. The immediate problem is to prevent additions to the uncompensated social costs of wastes passed on to others. Each expanding community, each new factory should be required to return to the stream water equal in quality to that taken into the plant or into city conduits. These requirements should be enforced all across the country, to prevent self-seekers from competing for new plants and population at somebody else's expense.

Even if this first task is met, the cost of cleaning up the existing mess and supplying ever increasing needs will be enormous; but if it is not met, the ultimate costs will be much higher: The *Review's* conclusion is unassailable: "We

are facing the day when water production will have to be managed, region by region, by efficient enterprises, which will make careful use of resources, carry on research to solve emerging problems, and enact a scale of charges designed to allocate available supplies economically. We cannot delay the building of the regional enterprises that will have these responsibilities. Any loss of momentum will magnify and solidify the obstacles. To salvage the future we have to begin building it now."

## Honor Thy Father & Thy Mother

In practice, the Biblical injunction has been construed as an obligation of adult children to support their parents. When the children are affluent and the parents are, in need, this is fair enough, but when the moral principle is enacted into law, inequities develop in many cases. Title 19 of the federal government's medicare program has resulted in a highly desirable modification in the welfare regulations in New York State and New York City, and no doubt other states and cities will effect similar changes. In New York City thousands of needy old people have been informed that their children are no longer required to support them and, contrary to what one would expect, the parents as well as the children express relief. The elderly residents of an institution in Brooklyn are quoted in *The New York Times* as saying that they were glad their children would now be free "to take a vacation, get a new car, or give the grandchildren some extras." The burden of guilt has been lifted from parents (and grandparents) who were plagued in their last years by awareness that they were a burden.

Undoubtedly there will be a howl from the Right, with the usual assertions that here is another measure to obliterate individual and family responsibility by shifting the burden to the well-to-do taxpayer. The facts do not jibe with this well-worn theory. What the federal law did was to eliminate the requirement that children be responsible for their parents' medical bills; in taking advantage of the federal program, New York State sensibly extended this exemption to all kinds of support. Spouses remain responsible for each other, and parents for children under 21. The only change has been in favor of children over 21 toward their parents. Those who are willing and able to support their parents, or help support them, will no doubt continue to do so. However, they cannot be forced, and in fact the attempt to force them was never much of a success. It resulted in cruel hardships and did more to divide families than probably any other law on the books.

A typical case is that of a \$10,000-a-year man with a wife and two children. Under the former arrangements, the cut-off income was \$5,600 a year, and this man was required to pay half the difference, or \$2,200 a year, toward his parents' support. What with the income tax, interest on the mortgage, etc.—and the obligation, now well-nigh taker for granted, to send the children to college—this \$10,000-a-year man and his wife need only a little bad luck to be headed for the relief rolls themselves.

What the voices on the Right are not likely to mention is that lawyers have contended for some years that "relative responsibility" (applied outside the spouse-for-spouse and parent-for-minor-child categories) may well be unconsti-

### SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks: forthcoming issues will be dated July 11, July 25, August 8 and August 22.

tutional under the equal-protection clause, in that it imposes double taxation on the person who happens to be unlucky enough to have relatives who need public assistance. Also, little attention will be paid to the assertion of New York City Welfare Commissioner Mitchell I. Ginsberg that the additional cost to the city when it picks up the bills previously paid by children will be offset by savings in investigation and court costs. Heretofore, every applicant for welfare has been investigated to ascertain whether any relatives can be held responsible for his support, and several hundred cases a year have been taken to court. Even if it should turn out that Mr. Ginsberg has exaggerated the savings, the inherent indecency of these proceedings would be cause enough for their discontinuance. The change should be hailed not so much on the basis of cost as on grounds of humanitarianism and civic amenity.

## Thanking Senator Robertson

On March 10 of last year, the U.S. District Court in New York City ruled that the Manufacturers Trust Company and the Hanover Bank were, by their merger into the nation's fourth largest bank, in violation of the Sherman antitrust laws. Three weeks later, Sen. A. Willis Robertson, Chairman of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, introduced legislation to exempt Manufacturers-Hanover from this court action.

Not surprisingly, the officers of Manufacturers-Hanover felt kindly toward Senator Robertson, a venerable Virginia gentleman, for this assistance, and the bank sent out 40,000 letters asking its stockholders to express their "thanks" to Robertson this year—which happens to be election year for him and he is hard pressed.

When this was revealed in Washington newspapers recently, Robertson responded that he had never "solicited a penny" from the banks. This is probably true. There would be no need to remind the bankers of the country of what they were already very well aware (as several of them have said openly and as several columns in the *American Banker* have stressed); that if Robertson is defeated and if U.S. Sen. John Sparkman is knocked off this fall by an Alabama Republican—which is not impossible—then the committee chairmanship could fall into the hands of Sen. Paul Douglas of Illinois, assuming his re-election, who dearly loves to make big banks and big corporations toe the mark.

Someone is soliciting something. A director of one bank in Virginia resigned recently, saying that the "arm twisting" to force contributions for Robertson, some of it done with the threat of blocking advancement of bank workers if they did not chip in, was too much for him to stomach.

Robertson's own efforts to appear above aligning himself with the bankers' lobby were somewhat deflated when Robert Walters of the *Washington Star* recently discovered that the Virginia Senator had hired, for the duration of the campaign, one Charles Emmet Lucey as a "researcher."

Last session of Congress Lucey was better known around Washington as one of the top lobbyists pushing the bank-merger bill that gave Manufacturers-Hanover and several other banks such a timely assist. And what is Lucey doing in Robertson's office? "I'm giving assistance," he said, "to help him formulate various things."

## The Salisbury Talks

The talks now in progress in Salisbury between officials of the British Government and those of the rebel regime of Rhodesia will not solve the country's main problems—even if agreement is reached. The manner in which they were initiated, as well as the composition of the delegations, precludes a consideration of the main issues that gravely concern the leaders of the 4 million voteless Africans.

The man who should take credit for the current talks is Dr. Hendrik Verwoerd, Prime Minister of South Africa. When the United Nations Security Council gave authority to Britain last April to stop and even board ships taking oil to Rhodesia, it indirectly warned South Africa not to continue breaking the international boycott. Dr. Verwoerd knew that the Security Council would widen the use of the powers contained in Chapter 7 of the Charter to include his own country, if the limited use already agreed on proved ineffective. He was therefore eager to take the Rhodesian crisis out of the hands of the Security Council before the May meeting. By threatening Britain with a direct confrontation with South Africa in the financial field where the former is weakest, and by bullying Ian Smith's Rhodesia, which could not survive without his massive aid, he managed to get the two to talk.

It may not matter how or who starts negotiations, but South Africa's intervention in Rhodesian affairs always strengthens the conservative, racialistic elements in the white-settler population of Rhodesia. The solution Dr. Verwoerd seeks is totally different from that of Ian Smith, let alone Britain or the Africans. The British Foreign Office's statement last week that conservative right-wing Ministers in Ian Smith's regime are on the ascendancy in policy matters came as no surprise and can be traced directly to Dr. Verwoerd's intervention in April and May.

It is incredible that Britain's Labour government should agree to go this far in discussions with Ian Smith's representatives without leaders of the 4 million Africans being present. Wilson's six principles, which have formed the basis of the current talks, have been rejected by Africans as both inadequate and outdated by U.D.I. (the Unilateral Declaration of Independence last November). Any modifications insisted upon by Rhodesian representatives will be even more unacceptable. It is therefore tragic that two delegations composed entirely of Europeans should sit down in Africa in 1966 to discuss and decide upon the future of 4 million indigenous Africans. No decision arrived at in the absence of Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole and Mr. Joshua Nkomo—the elected leaders of the African people, now in detention with many of their followers—can be considered binding on the African people. In fact they may well feel duty bound to abrogate any such imposed settlement. Britain learned (or should have learned) this lesson bitterly in the experiment of the Central African Federation. After ten

years of hard work and heavy investment it was finally dismantled. The same fate awaits any agreement that may be reached in the present talks.

The issues at stake are that at the time Britain gives independence to Rhodesia there should be a government responsive to the wishes of all people (majority rule), and therefore power must shift from the 220,000 settlers to the 4 million Africans; and that race must not be a hindrance to economic and social advancement. If Britain were as fully committed to these principles as it says it is, it would not be talking to a regime that is moving in the opposite (South African) direction; instead, it would be tightening the sanctions (for instance, giving more assistance to Zambia to blockade Rhodesian railways by finding alternative routes) and fully supporting Security Council action.

African demonstrations against the Salisbury talks have

been ruthlessly put down by police and army units and censored from all local newspapers. On June 15 there was widespread rioting in all African townships in Salisbury. A bus, a factory, a hotel and several drug stores belonging to Europeans were set on fire by angry demonstrators, who were being chased by trained police dogs. Isolated incidents were reported in London newspapers of the week ending June 19, but readers of Salisbury newspapers never know about any such incidents. Both supporters and opponents of Ian Smith's regime live in the dark about their own country—and in constant fear.

N. M. SHAMUYARIRA

*Mr. Shamuyarira, born in Rhodesia in 1928, was for four years editor of the now banned Daily News, the only paper in the country edited for African readers. He is at present studying for a Ph.D. in politics at Princeton University. In 1965 Mr. Shamuyarira published Crisis in Rhodesia (Andre Deutsch).*

## Quebec: Separatism in a New Guise

### DILLON O'LEARY

*Mr. O'Leary is a Canadian free-lance journalist and political correspondent.*

Ottawa

English Canada breathed easier immediately after the June 5 Quebec provincial election. The first clearly Separatist bid at the polls had been soundly rebuffed by Quebec's voters.

The rest of Canada, which knows little about Quebec except that it seems a troublesome puzzle, also heard that Daniel Johnson's Union Nationale had scored a narrow upset victory over the Liberal government of Premier Jean Lesage. Lesage had for three years been raising English-Canadians' hackles with demands for "Quebec's rights," so his defeat by Johnson seemed an exchange of a devil they knew for a devil they didn't. That seemed less important than knowing that Separatism was a hollow threat.

But is it? A long second look at Premier Johnson proved less reassuring. He is an urbane lawyer of age 51, and an experienced politician who was sponsored and taught his art by the late Premier Maurice Duplessis, who for eighteen years ran Quebec as a feudal fief. Despite his name, Daniel Johnson is every inch a French-Canadian. In recent years he has become an advocate of Associate Statehood for Quebec: a more sophisticated brand of the Separatism espoused by young romantics and some professors in Quebec's universities. He is the first Quebec premier to endorse such a doctrine. The next year may tell whether his quasi-Separatism was mere demagoguery, or a storm signal which was largely overlooked or ignored.

As good a definition as any of Associate Statehood was offered by Johnson last summer to an English-speaking study group. He would have English and French "nations" co-existing within the Canadian state. Ottawa would be the capital of only the "English nation," and Quebec City of the "French nation." He allowed that they might have a common postal service, currency and, perhaps, defense force; otherwise they would be autonomous. He has also asserted Quebec's right to become a republic. The difference

between this theory and outright Separatism is largely a matter of semantics.

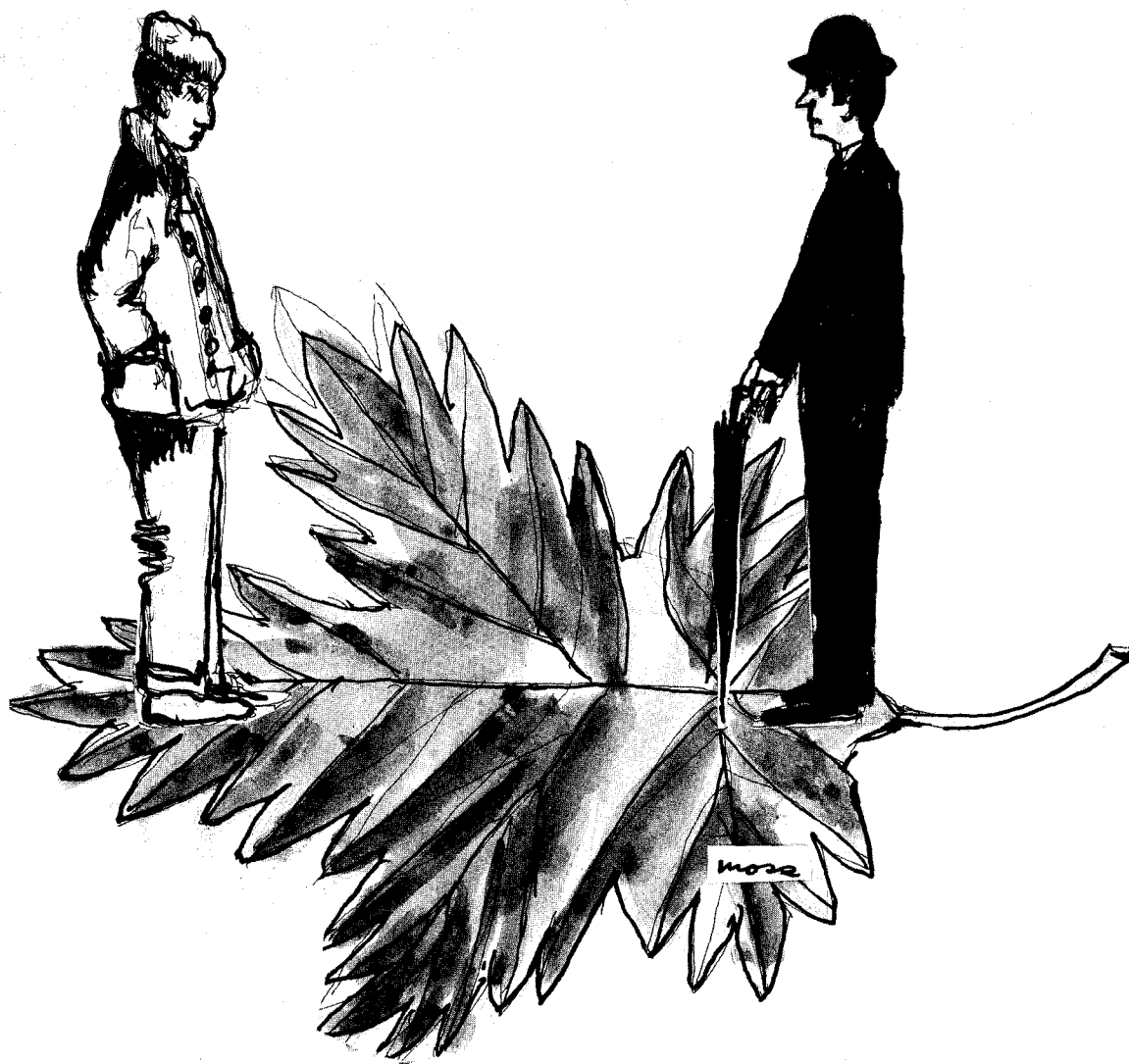
This is a dissonant theme amid Canadian preparations to celebrate next year the hundredth anniversary of Confederation. In 1867, Confederation welded the four British colonies of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick into a federal union. The centennial will celebrate its development into modern Canada of ten provinces, stretching 4,000 miles from Atlantic to Pacific; an independent nation attached voluntarily to the British Commonwealth.

Within Confederation, however, Quebec held aloof from the rest of Canada. Until recently, its hinterland beyond Montreal remained a pastoral enclave outside the industrial development of North America: Roman Catholic and clerical, rustic, inward-looking and intent mainly on preserving its religion and language. The fact that two prime ministers were from Quebec—Laurier and St. Laurent—did little to lure the city into the mainstream of Canadian life.

Nor did English Canada often extend a sympathetic hand. Canada's English-speaking Establishment regarded Quebec as "backward and priest-ridden," and a source of largely unorganized and cheap labor for industry owned by American and English-Canadian capital. Montreal's English-speaking businessmen paid support to the reactionary and union-hating regime of Duplessis, who ran the province through corruption and coercion, and let the rest of the country go its own way.

All that changed completely in 1960 when Premier Lesage took office, and Quebec's so-called "quiet revolution" began. French Canada came alive to the 20th century, and its pent-up cultural and political ambitions exploded.

The upsurge swept Lesage to a second and decisive victory in 1962, with his slogan, "*Maîtres Chez Nous*" (Masters in Our Own House), symbolizing Quebec's aspirations to control its economic as well as its political destiny. His government nationalized the electric utility companies, owned by English-Canadian capital, into Quebec Hydro. The backward school system was reformed and expanded



rapidly. An emerging and well-educated middle class demanded its share of posts in the upper echelons of the province's business and industry; it also demanded that French replace English as Quebec's language of commerce, and that French have equal status with English in the federal civil service in Ottawa. The latter demand was coupled with insistence that French-Canadians be given a greater share of the senior civil servant positions.

From that ferment was born a nationalistic Separatism, demanding an independent Quebec republic. Its adherents were mainly students, bohemians, some young workers and intellectuals; and a sprinkling of Marxists and young French Canada's version of the New Left. (Only ten years ago a French-Canadian Marxist was both a curiosity and an outcast.) Separatism in turn spawned a faction of terrorists, noted in 1963 and 1964 for their bombings, and raids on armories and gun shops. Almost the first bomb blew up General Wolfe's monument on the Plains of Abraham outside Quebec City, where Wolfe won French Canada for Britain in 1756. Terrorism killed three persons and maimed another. Two terrorists have been condemned to death and are awaiting execution.

But when the Separatists resorted to ballots instead of bullets in the recent elections, Quebec's 3,200,000 voters

largely ignored them. Their major bid was by the leftist RIN (Rassemblement pour l'Indépendance Nationale) led by Pierre Bourgault, a 33-year-old ex-journalist who was in the fore of demonstrations against Queen Elizabeth during her visit to Quebec City in 1964. The RIN got only 5.5 per cent of the vote, though it was nearly 8 per cent in Montreal. An ultra-Right Separatist group got 3.2 per cent.

That vote hardly writes off Separatism. For the spirit of Separatism pervades the Liberal and Union Nationale parties: its concepts often flower in theories of a semi-autonomous French Canada, or Associate Statehood, almost a throwback to the Austria-Hungary of the Hapsburgs. Premier Lesage was not of that belief, but a few of his prominent ministers were. They included the Socialist-minded René Levesque, who inspired the electric utilities take-over; Paul Gerin-Lajoie, who insisted on Quebec's right to sign certain foreign treaties on its own, such as a cultural agreement with France—and did; and Pierre Laporte, Lesage's then heir apparent.

Their attitude exacerbated the guerrilla warfare which the Lesage government conducted with Ottawa, demanding and often getting ever greater autonomy in administering welfare, educational, housing and manpower policies; and demanding also for Quebec, and getting, a larger share of income taxes under the formula by which they are shared

between federal and provincial governments. Rakosi's salami-slicing techniques were used to whittle away federal power in Quebec.

Nevertheless, during the election these ministers were in the background. Lesage made himself the central Liberal spokesman, and he attacked Separatism as "foolish and childish."

Johnson played both sides of the fence. He appealed for the English-speaking minority's votes—about 15 per cent, concentrated in Montreal—and said he had rejected an alliance with Separatist groups. He declared he was against splitting Quebec from Canada (which was not necessarily a repudiation of Associate Statehood). But he also appealed directly for Separatist votes, and said Separatism could not be ruled out as Quebec's final solution.

He did not get the English-speaking vote, and the result was embarrassing. Union Nationale won fifty-five seats in the legislature, against fifty-one for the Liberals, plus two independents elected; but because Johnson's main strength was in the numerically smaller rural ridings, he got only 41 per cent of the popular vote, against 47 per cent for the Liberals. The non-French vote had withheld from him the clear mandate he wanted. In exasperation on election night, he protested that "*les Anglophones et les Juifs*" (the English and Jews) had voted against him. The racist undertones sent a chill through the province.

To allay fears from that outburst, Johnson has promised his government will pass a bill of rights for all minorities in Quebec. He has also unfolded other fascinating plans: to send Quebec delegates to some bodies of the United Nations, such as UNESCO, and to set up a Quebec department of immigration. Foreign affairs and immigration are, under the Canadian constitution, solely federal jurisdictions. But Johnson proposes to revise the constitution through negotiation between English and French Canada. The federal and provincial governments together have been trying with-

out agreement to revise Canada's constitution these last seventeen years; Johnson will not find it any easier.

For the present, however, it is not these plans which perplex Ottawa. The federal government wonders how far Johnson will press his main election plank: his demand that Quebec take over all personal income, corporation and succession taxes collected by Ottawa in Quebec. In cold cash this year, that would give his government \$865 million additional revenue, over and above the \$585 million Quebec garners in these taxes. It is an impossible demand. Ottawa could not grant it without other provinces asking a like share. That would leave a bare treasury, and the mere remnants of a national government. How seriously will Johnson push his ideas? He has been ambiguous about this.

He must score spectacularly in at least some of them. For with his small majority in the legislature, he must almost certainly call another election within a year in an attempt to win a decisive majority, if he is not overthrown by a legislature vote before that. In seeking increments to Union Nationale support, the temptation to woo the total 8.7 per cent of the outright Separatist vote will be alluring; especially in Montreal, where the Union Nationale vote was weakest and the Separatist vote strongest. He can do that by loudly asserting Quebec sovereignty in dealing with Ottawa and English Canada generally.

The likelihood is that such action would intensify an English-speaking backlash in the rest of Canada. The anti-Quebec resentment is already there, as Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson discovered last fall in the federal election. He has staked his career on reconciling English and French Canada. That policy won him most of Quebec, but he failed to sell it to English Canada. He returned with a minority government in the five-party House of Commons.

The confederation has not yet been torn asunder. But the current noises from Quebec sound suspiciously as if it is bulging at a few of its seams.

## THE NIGHT WE BOMBED PEKING

### WILLIAM EASTLAKE

*Mr. Eastlake, author among other books of The Bronx People (Harcourt Brace) and Castle Keep (Simon & Schuster), recently spent three months in Southeast Asia. While there he had some "night thoughts" about his experience, and since he is by trade a novelist and short-story writer, they took this form.*

"Silent as a whisper, death, Billy," the CIA man said, and then he said, "The colonel says we have to bomb Peking now before it is too late."

The captain agreed and the major didn't say anything. The Communist waiter left to make notes and the CIA man said, "Well, I don't suppose it's any secret that you're a nut, Colonel."

We were in the bar of the Surawongse Hotel in Chiang Mai, Thailand, where the country curves north toward China and where the bombing run to Hanoi is short. The American Air Force officers had come into this rest area

four days before. I had come up on the Bangkok-to-Chiang Mai train behind a golden, dragon-emblazoned, wood-burning locomotive, with the CIA man in the same compartment. We talked. The CIA man was fresh from triumphs in Cuba, Santo Domingo and Singapore, but he didn't want to talk about that. He wanted to talk about Franz Kafka.

The smoke drifted around us.

"I don't think I was cut out for this job," he said.

I had never even seen a CIA man before so I kept quiet and let him talk.

"Cat got your tongue?" the CIA man asked. "Wait till you hear those Air Force kooks in Chiang Mai," he said slowly in remembrance of blunders past. "They'll jar your teeth out. They want to be turned loose on China. Funny thing," the CIA man said, "your reaction is not atypical. Most Americans get scared when they meet a CIA man. But you can't write about me. No one

would believe it if you did. Cat got your tongue, Billy?"

More smoke.

"Teak," the CIA man said. "Smells like camphor. Did you enjoy Cambodia?"

"How did you—?"

"That's my business. Don't get scared. We're both Americans. People are always surprised that a CIA man is a human being. Particularly intellectuals. Intellectuals have got us pigeonholed in their clichés as villains, blundering villains. I hate to disillusion you, Billy."

"You want to play nasty?"

"I want to provoke you into saying something. I sense resentment and I think it would be helpful if you got it out."

"Boo!" I said.

"That's better," the CIA man said. "Pretty soon you'll be treating me like a human being."

That night in the Surawongse Hotel bar, after the American Air Force officers left with the international whores, the CIA man went suddenly quiet. The Bentley's overhead cams were still noisy the way they had been every night the international whores picked up our heroes.

"Where do they go?"

"I don't know where the Air Force goes at night," the CIA man said abruptly. Then he ordered the Communist spy waiter to fetch him a *sangría*. "I don't know what they do on their time off, Billy. They are entitled to some privacy." The CIA man thought about this a long time in

silence while waiting for the *sangría*. "No, they're not. Not as long as they got the bomb they're not entitled to any privacy at all. You know that place across from the prison that looks like a palace, Billy? Well, that's what it is, a palace, and that's where they go. I've got all the bedrooms wired for sound. You want to hear an old tape?"

"No."

"All they want to do is bomb China. Is that asking too much? You won't let them do it, will you, Billy?"

"That's right."

"Their lives can be frustrating, Billy. Very frustrating." The *sangría* arrived.

"I don't know why I tell you all this. I tell you all this because no one would print it."

"Maybe you have a compulsion to confess?"

"No, Billy. I read Dostoevski too."

"Michigan State?"

"Princeton," the CIA man said. "I show my hand, Billy, because that's the best cover. No one will believe the truth. Not even my wife."

"Sad."

"*Au contraire*, Billy. It's my cover—my *modus vivendi*."

"I guess you went to Princeton all right."

The CIA man mumbled something in Latin that I couldn't catch, couldn't catch if I had caught. Then he said: "You know, Billy, the CIA could take over this whole shooting match any time at all."

"Oh?"



"Doesn't that scare you, Billy?"

"More than you'll ever know."

"Did I tell you about our Santo Domingo caper?"

"Twice."

"Try to get it printed."

"I see what you mean."

"It's not that we control the press, Billy. It's that they don't control us."

The CIA man sent the waiter off on another *sangría* mission and then said: "I taught him to make a Cuban *sangría*. And I got him a job here so I could keep an eye on him. His room is on tape. This way, Billy, if an American—if you—were to be assassinated we would know about it."

"Thanks."

"I said we'd know about it. I didn't say we'd do anything about it. Sometimes in the long run we find it best to let nature take its course. If it meant our cover or your life, who knows?"

"*Quién sabe?*"

"Billy, I'm going to buy you a Buddha and then I want you to do me a favor."

"What favor?"

"Let the Air Force drop the bomb on Peking."

"Say that again."

"A fantasy bomb, Billy, not the real thing. But it will do the trick. You see, the American people sent the Air Force over here to win a war cheap. Quick and cheap, but they tell them Thou Shalt Not Do This, Thou Shalt Not Do That. They got areas all mapped out where they can go and can't go. They can't go to Peking."

"What a shame."

"It means they can't win the war, Billy. It means they're all choked up. It means our colonel, the captain and the major are in trouble. You think they enjoy running off every night of their Rest and Recreation, spending all of their R and R, with the international whores? No, Billy, they're in trouble."

"That is a pity."

"Come on, Billy, I'll buy you a Buddha."

And he did, too, but first we got in a trishaw to get where the Buddhas were. I insisted he use my trishaw boy, Yip Phy. I've still got Yip's card along with the card of a saffron-robed Buddhist monk, another companion on the wood-burning train—cards, the confetti of the jungle.

"The Thais got the card-carrying bit from their Japanese allies during the Second World War, but they don't like to be reminded of this. They have another legend that they're a free people. They love myths," the CIA man said. Then he made a big pause watching the hard-working rear of Yip Phy. "Billy, what are we going to do for our heroes, the captain, the major and the colonel?"

"Nothing."

"Just one bomb on Peking?"

"Nothing."

"Come on, I'll buy you a Buddha."

The bronze Buddha, 10 centimeters high, was beautiful. I had no intention of accepting it, but man is weak. I'm watching it on my desk as I write.

When we got back in our trishaw the CIA man said:

"Billy, did I ever tell you about the directive that went out advising everyone attached to the American Embassy to improve our bi-cultural relations. It said that the darker hill Thai people should no longer be excluded from functions. Do you know what I said when I heard this news, Billy?"

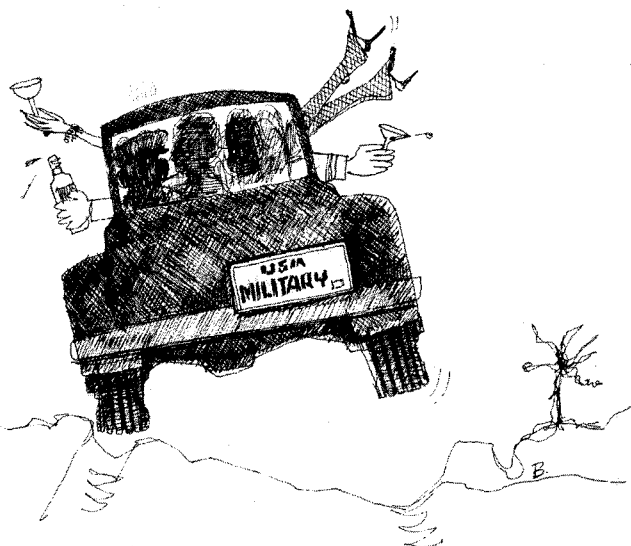
"What did you say?"

"Black Thai mandatory."

"Thank God for the CIA," I said.

That afternoon, as was their custom, our Air Force heroes on R and R got stoned, starting at noon. When I arrived at four o'clock at the Surawongse bar they were all staring into the yonder.

"I am just telling them, Billy, about their mission to Peking."



"Honored," the colonel mumbled. "Terribly honored."

"Take off at 1800 hours," the CIA man said, flicking his watch.

"Honored," the colonel said. "But we have all been drinking heavily."

"That could help," the CIA man said.

"Yes," the colonel said. "Honored to have been selected for this first mission, but—but—we have an engagement at 1800 hours with the international—with the young ladies."

"Take them along to Peking. I mean, forget them. Think of your country."

The colonel thought of his country. "Old Miss," the colonel said, and he brushed away a tear.

"It's 1500 hours now," the CIA man said. "Time to go to the ready room for briefing."

"We're honored."

"We sure are," the captain said.

"Shut up," the colonel said. "Sit down, boy," the colonel said to the CIA man. "Who's your friend?" he said staring at me through a blur of Scotch.

"Not the novelist William Eastlake whom we all know, love and admire and respect in this bar on your R and R," the CIA man said. "That's his cover. William Eastlake, the novelist who or whom you have all come to love, honor, admire and respect is not a very good cover, is it? Well,

he is in fact Henry Wilberforce, our operator from Harvard who planned this mission."

"All by yourself?" the colonel said.

"We are sure honored," the captain said.

"Shut up," the colonel said. The colonel took another sip of his Scotch. "At 1800 hours we have an appointment with the ladies."

"Listen, Colonel," the CIA man said, standing up and pointing. "If you go out that door to the old Bentley with double overhead cams, I mean if you go out with the international whores, that door leads straight to hell. On the other hand, if you go out that door over Peking, somewhere, somehow there will be a hallowed spot in every American heart in solemn memory."

The colonel took another swig of the Scotch.

"Or is that what you want to do, Colonel?" the CIA man said. "Make Thailand into an American brothel?"

"Washington is an American brothel," the colonel said.

"That's right," the major said.

"Sure is," the captain said.

"You see? That shows our State Department was right all the time," the colonel said. "Have a drink."

"All right, you've had your little joke, Colonel," the CIA man said solemnly. "Now let's get back to bombing Peking."

"Some other time," the colonel said, struggling to his feet. He looked at his wrong wrist. "Got appointment with the ladies at 1800 hours."

"The whores," the captain said rising.

"That's right," the major said.

"Shut up," the colonel said. "They're fine young ladies who are using the money to reconstruct the palace. Where would this country be without them? They are studying for the priesthood, got the yellow dresses, everything." The colonel stared around. "Where's Peking? I mean, where's the Bentley?"

"That's right," the major said.

"Sure is," the captain said.

They all departed. They all stumbled out the door to the noisy, double overhead cammed old Bentley. The door they did not take led some time, somewhere to a Mach Four, brand new, silent as a whisper, death.

The CIA man watched them make the Bentley, then turned to me and said, "How do you like those apples, Wilberforce?"

## THE TRANSIT SNARL

# IS IT BACK TO THE RAILS?

**CARL DREHER**

It is a common belief that the railroads lost most of their passenger business through complacency and technological stagnation. In certain instances, that may be close enough to the truth; but, as always in widespread adversity, the responses of groups and individuals differed widely. Some of the railroads went down fighting; some others held on to a substantial part of the traffic—and these, with government help, are now on the verge of a comeback.

Even where somnolence was clearly a factor in the decline, the sleep was by no means total. When diesel power promised to reduce costs, the railroads made the steam locomotive a museum piece with a celerity that belied the myth of senility. In recent years striking advances have been made in efficient freight movement, and the results are reflected in the 1965 earnings of the stronger roads, some of which delighted their stockholders with profits unparalleled in their history: Norfolk & Western, with \$90 million; Northern Pacific, \$28 million (the latter had earned more in two previous years, but the later of these was 1918). The New York Central, with \$41.5 million, up from \$27 million in 1964, did not do badly either. Where management failed it was only in the passenger field, against seemingly insuperable competition from the airplane and the automobile. Ten years ago, research and development were not the magic words they have become, nor was it apparent that we were highway-building ourselves into trouble.

Now that it is apparent, there is still no indication that the railroads can regain their one-time primacy in long-haul

passenger transport. The Urban Mass Transportation Act of 1964, insofar as it is aimed at the 460-mile "Northeast Corridor" (Boston-New York-Washington) may prove to be quite off the mark. Fast trains on this run might obviate the time-consuming trip from midtown to the airport and offer such attractive features as barbershops and club cars, but most of these amenities were taken for granted on pre-World War II de luxe trains like the Southern Pacific's *Lark*.

Once, seven nights a week, the *Lark* carried 300 passengers from San Francisco to Los Angeles in civilized leisure and comfort, and an equal number in the reverse direction. The distance is about the same as between Boston and Washington and the *Lark*, though not what it once was, is still a pretty fair train—but the railroad has asked the California Public Utilities Commission for permission to discontinue it. The air line makes the trip in an hour and offers hundreds of flights a week. Ninety-five passengers ride the *Lark* each way each night; the air line carries 7,700 a day. As the SP traffic manager says, the *Lark* has one fatal defect—it can't fly. Any conceivable increase in speed would leave the *Lark*, and probably its East Coast counterpart, still far behind.

The crucial problem, and the one that calls for new directions in railroading, is in suburban areas within a radius of, say, 60 miles from the great metropolitan centers, where the automobile is becoming a greater source of pollution than of movement, and where the airplane does not compete. But even here we should not expect too much too soon. "The fuse is lit," one Sunday feature writer proclaims, "for an explosion in urban mass transportation that may rival the freeways of the past decade." Maybe so, but "ex-

plosion" is a word sorely overused these days. What we are likely to see is something more on the order of accelerated evolution in a number of locations, with the controlling interests elsewhere waiting and watching. Their decisions will hinge less on social efficiency and the commonweal than on the amount of financial assistance federal, state and municipal governments are prepared to offer.

We should be skeptical of both grandiose organizational reforms and great technological leaps, such as 300- or 400-mph ground transport by the various exotic means on which magazine art departments delight to exercise their imaginations. It is said that transportation in all its forms accounts for about 20 per cent of gross national product—as much as \$140 billion yearly. Considering its fragmented, cross-purposed character and the waste we all experience at the junction points of the various modes, the estimate does not seem out of line. When Secretary of Commerce John T. Connor talks hopefully of "all forms of transport

This article is the second in a series on new technological developments in inter-city and suburban rail transportation. The first, "Advance Into Yesterday" by Michael Harris, was published on June 6.

... harmonized and orchestrated in the manner best serving the national interest," he is giving a good description of what U.S. transport is not. Costs could indeed be reduced and the public convenience served by large-scale planning and coordination, but the prospect for any such inclusive overhaul is dim.

To appreciate how far we are from anything resembling an integrated transportation policy, one need only look at the jagged interface between ground and air transport. Charles C. Tillinghast, Jr., president of Trans World Airlines, puts it aptly: "America had better solve some of her mass transit problems before she worries too much about the supersonic jet. If the problem of getting to and from airports is not solved, almost half the time of a transcontinental trip will be spent on the ground." At the present rate, the problem will not be solved before the eighties, if then. A metropolitan airport is a crippled facility without a rapid transit line to the city's core area, but no such combination exists anywhere in the United States, and only one city—Cleveland—is planning such a connection. Since only 10 or 15 per cent of the American people have ever flown in any aircraft, civil or military, and a much smaller percentage flies the air lines at all regularly, it can be argued that rapid transit to and from airports is unwarranted. But, with all the advertising the air lines do, isn't that another indication that an inclusive transportation policy is envisioned only in the after-dinner speeches of high government functionaries?

The proposed federal Department of Transportation—assuming it can manage to get through Congress—will be able to change the general picture very little in the foreseeable future. Special interests will simply do their infighting within the new department. The management and coordination of federal programs in the various fields of transportation will improve only slowly and may even suffer setbacks as the present eleven agencies charged with super-

vising air lines, railroads, federal highways, etc., struggle to retain their autonomy while submitting to organization-chart merger. That the present generation of commuters, whether on rubber or steel, will benefit in any tangible way is unlikely.

This does not mean that integration cannot be effected regionally on a significant scale. Public-spirited individuals and organizations should continue to bend their efforts in that direction. Among local and regional programs there can be beneficial interplay and the federal government can exert constructive influence with impartial expertise and judicious allocation of funds. A hopeful sign may be found in the provisions of the Federal Highway Act of 1962, which was supposed to withhold federal highway grants from cities that failed to come up with plans tying in road projects with other modes of transportation. The question is whether plans on paper—tokenism in transport—will be allowed to substitute for the real thing.

On the technical side railroads are making important progress, especially by adapting airplane technology, with its objectives of compactness, lightness and reliability, to ground transport. Note that I do not include air line speeds, since even the higher propeller speeds are not feasible on the ground, and jet speeds are out of the question. However, rail schedule times can be materially improved with vehicles moving at, say, 80 mph. Even if it should turn out that there is no market for a modernized rail passenger system running the length of the Northeast Corridor, the experiments will benefit suburban traffic along that route and elsewhere. The Pennsylvania has started upgrading its roadway, tracks and catenary (the 11,000-volt overhead feed for electric trains) and expects to be ready for 100-mph top speeds within eighteen months, and perhaps for 150 mph by 1970. By the end of the year, the Department of Commerce will receive under lease a United Aircraft train equipped with Canadian Pratt & Whitney engines which are a ground-adapted version of an airplane engine. This train will be capable of speeds up to 160 mph, but will be tested on the New Haven Railroad between Providence and Boston at much lower speeds. The Long Island will test a Budd train equipped with Garrett gas turbines, likewise modified from turboprop aircraft service. The design speed of this train is 100 mph, but operation at only 75 mph is contemplated.

Rail systems are benefiting by internal development as well as by borrowing from air technology. The Housing and Home Finance Agency has put more than \$7 million into the test track of the San Francisco Bay Area Rapid Transit District. BARTD itself paid part of the total cost, and the suppliers (General Electric, Westinghouse Air Brake, Philco, General Railway Signal, General Steel Industries, Pullman-Standard and others) are said to have invested between \$2 and \$3 for every dollar contributed by HHFA and BARTD. There is now talk among the railroads that the test track should be kept going in some central location, such as Chicago, with continuing support from the federal government, the railroad industry and manufacturers. Coordination in this form would hardly have occurred at this time had it not been for the BARTD project and the need for research as a basis for design.

The most important factor in future commuter rail travel is its relation to the private automobile. The point of departure for any meaningful analysis is that the automobile has relegated the train to a subordinate place, or entirely taken over the business, for several good reasons, as well as some bad ones. Everyone who drives knows the built-in advantages of the automobile. It may not arrive when you want to arrive, but it leaves when you want to leave. It takes you door to door with no transfers. There may be no place to put it after you get there, but much is to be said for it en route.

On many journeys, the automobile is the only practical conveyance, although, when used individually, it is more expensive than most motorists realize. Suppose you live in Westchester, north of New York City, and work on Long Island beyond subway service, as a surprising number of people do. If you could use a helicopter, your course would be southeast. You can drive in that general direction on the Westchester expressways and over either of two bridges crossing Long Island Sound, then on Long Island expressways and local roads to your destination. The tolls amount to 50c each way—\$20 a month. The car costs 10c a mile—for a 25-mile one-way trip, \$5 a day or more than \$100 a month—total more than \$1,400 a year. Many motorists fail to take amortization and maintenance into account, but even if they were aware of the actual cost they would drive, because the alternative is next to impossible.

The alternative involves an automobile trip to a New York Central line which will bring the traveler to New York, then a subway ride with one change, then a trip on the Long Island Railroad, with a possible change en route. At each of the railroad-subway interfaces there is considerable walking and stairclimbing. The traveler must have commutation tickets for both railroads, and since few people use this roundabout route there is no reason for coordination of schedules. When the traveler finally gets off the train he may still have the problem of transportation to his factory or office. The directions are wrong, too—south by southwest, then east. In sum, both in time and money the automobile is the only way to do it. There are situations like this all over the country, with impractical public transportation or none at all. People cry for freeways and more of them. They will never relinquish their cars; they can't.

Everybody is tired of the crack about the Long Island Expressway—"the world's longest parking lot"—but during peak hours it sometimes seems only a mild exaggeration. Yet this is a new freeway and no expense was spared. Contributing to its daily tie-ups are those commuters who could travel by rail between Long Island and Manhattan, but who cling to their automobiles. If the railroad were made attractive enough, on a national scale, to change the habits of huge groups like that, the pressure on the freeways would be relieved. What is involved in this hoped-for switch is far from simple; it calls for more than improved, yet inexpensive, rail service alone. Though a few general principles obtain, their application varies from place to place and will encounter serious obstacles everywhere.

One unavoidable obstacle is the enormous vested interest in automobile manufacture and servicing, and in highway construction on a scale that threatens to obliterate with con-

crete vast sections of the American landscape. In 1966 the federal government is spending \$5 billion for highways, and construction of the Interstate Highway System still has six years to run. The cost of the system, originally budgeted at \$41 billion, will actually come to \$50 billion or more. The positive feedback of highway construction is something to reckon with: it is supported not only by the majority of motorists but by the automobile manufacturers, their innumerable subcontractors and 64,000 dealers; the gasoline companies; the tire companies; the cement, asphalt and gravel industries; the motor clubs; highway department officials on all levels and the politicians allied with them; construction contractors and unions; and numerous allied interests. When Henry Ford, 2nd, warned recently of the economic hazard in undue pressure to improve car safety, he was not indulging in idle threats. The annual model change, which is presumably what Mr. Ford saw in jeopardy, is actually one of the pillars of the American economy, and highway construction is one of the indirect subsidies on which the automobile industry depends for its profits.

However, the situation is not hopeless. Freeway construction is running into rising opposition from prospective displaced persons, conservationists, engineers not hypnotized by highway technology and the public spirited of every occupation and persuasion. The freeways are not doing the job and comparisons of peak-carrying capacity of railroads and freeways invariably favor the railroad. Ruth and Edward Brecher, writing in *Consumer Reports* (February, 1965) gave the BARTD system a peak-hour capacity of 30,000 seated passengers in each direction. A comparable eight-lane freeway with two reversible lanes would begin to slow down at 7,000-8,000 cars per hour (10,000-12,000 occupants). A figure widely used for single-lane freeway peak capacity is 2,250 persons per hour, which would move 13,500 over six lanes, better than the Brecher estimate but still far below the railroad figure, which the same source estimates for a single track at 35,000, presumably including about 15 per cent standees.

Especially during the rush hours, cars are ridiculously underloaded, and that accounts in part for the low capacity of the highway. When Nikita Khrushchev surveyed early morning home-to-work traffic on San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge, he exclaimed in amazement: "There is only one man in most of those cars!" Some Americans also find it hard to justify the use of a 4,000-pound, 350-horsepower vehicle to carry a payload averaging 240 pounds. But until mass transit arrives, this travesty will continue.

The freeway is designed primarily to get people to and from work. Its cost could not be justified otherwise, either for construction or for the withdrawal from other uses of the land it devours. On the average, a freeway may carry 80 per cent of its total traffic during the commuting hours. At other times it provides fast, relatively safe transportation and justifies its name, but it is precisely during the hours when it is performing its primary function that it becomes inefficient. In this sense the unassisted freeway is a failure, at best a stopgap, and a metropolis like Los Angeles, with 400 miles of operating freeways and plans for another 800 miles to complete the network, would be well advised to give priority to its projected rapid transit system, which

has now been in the talking stage for ten years or more. When they have rapid transit, they can start building freeways again with at least a semblance of sense.

It is a pity that the headlong rush to superhighways occurred and that the limitations of this mode did not become apparent earlier, but with so many interests making so much money out of it, the aberration had to run its course. Many suburban freeways which were built for automobiles only should have been built with automobile lanes and a rapid transit guideway in each direction, like the Eisenhower Expressway in Chicago and parts of the BARTD project. Plans for future freeways should be scrutinized with two questions in mind: (1) Should the highway be built at all? (2) If the answer is yes, should not the design allow for mass rapid transit as well as automobiles? It is not precluded, even, that interurban freeways might be advantageously combined, in special cases, with a modern version of the interurban trolley.

A more widely applicable solution, and by far the most economical, is to upgrade existing suburban trackage and equipment. The view of some industry executives is that many suburban lines can be rehabilitated with new or rebuilt, comfortable, attractive cars designed for fast loading and unloading, and frequent service, with only moderate increases in speed. All through the period of decline in passenger traffic the Harlem Division of the New York Central has continued to operate a few express trains which maintain top speeds of 70 mph for major parts of their runs—not far short, on this old railroad, of the 75 or 80 mph projected for the ultramodern BARTD system. The ride is quite smooth, indicating that the track system could be upgraded further without radical changes. Despite an enforced limit of 45 mph in the 2-mile tunnel into Grand Central and a five-minute change of locomotives from diesel to electric, or reverse, 24 miles from the city, these expresses make schedule speeds, including stops, of 40 mph. However, the average schedule speed of most trains on the line is only about 30 mph, which is too slow to compete with automobiles on the parkway paralleling the tracks. If we visualize a service at schedule speeds of 40-50 mph on trackage of this quality, with all the amenities of first-class railroad service, at a fare substantially lower than the cost (including depreciation) of the automobile, there is every prospect of dividing the traffic between the parkway and the railroad, to the advantage of both—including faster rides on the parkway, fewer accidents, and somewhat lowered automobile insurance costs.

Improved rail service, though vital, is only part of the answer. The coordinated transit approach aims to take advantage of the flexibility of the automobile and bus to feed high-volume, high-speed rail lines. In many suburbs feeder-bus transportation could bring passengers to the railroad station during the commuting hours and obviate both parking and walking from the car to the station which, as parking space is provided at greater distances, becomes a significant factor in making the train. Transportation of school children is considered so important that even in thinly settled neighborhoods almost every child, from the kindergarten through high school, is assured a door-to-door ride every school day at public expense. In contrast, although the children could neither be educated nor fed and sheltered

were it not for the commuters, the latter are entirely on their own. In many localities no public transportation whatever is available, even on main routes. During World War II bus routes were improvised because it was considered important to save gasoline and rubber, but as soon as the war ended collective transportation, with all its inherent advantages, gave way once more to the 1.5-passenger automobile.

But who is to foot the bill? Alan S. Boyd, Undersecretary of Commerce for Transportation, is said to have predicted that a cabinet-level department of transportation would favor ending subsidies "whenever possible," requiring users to bear the full cost, and relying more on competition to protect consumers' interests. If Mr. Boyd is correctly quoted and if he means that open subsidies for rail transportation should be disallowed, but that the hidden subsidies for freeway transportation should continue, it amounts to saying that the proposed department of transportation will favor the policies that got us into this mess.

To the question of who is to pay for an efficient ground transportation system, one may oppose the question of who is paying now for the inefficient highway-oriented program. The automobile clubs and highway lobbies have convinced many taxpayers that the Interstate Highway System is financed by gasoline taxes and similar highway impostos and so the cost is entirely defrayed by the users. This is less than a half truth. Fuel and other taxes paid by users of a typical expressway at the peak hours defray only about one-third of the capital cost. According to Dr. Lyle C. Fitch of the Institute of Public Administration, if the tax on gasoline burned on a freeway costing \$2 million per lane-mile, were to be assessed on the peak-hour users to cover the entire cost of the road, that tax would have to be raised by 75c a gallon. Prof. William Vickrey of Columbia University puts the figure even higher—he estimates that rush-hour motorists on typical urban expressways and streets enjoy a subsidy of 10c per mile per automobile.

The subsidy for the motoring commuters comes from all the motorists who use all the roads, including city streets, most of it amortized long ago and now requiring only routine maintenance. This great population of motorists is pictured as a sodality willing to share in the cost and operation of the \$50 billion interstate highway system and other expensive highways. That they so regard themselves, or would if they knew the fiscal situation, is extremely doubtful. This is apposite from the standpoint not so much of eliminating the subsidy as of supplementing it. "... whether warranted or not," the Brechers write, "subsidy to peak-hour commuting by car is far too deeply imbedded in the economics of our large cities to be wrenched out at this late date. And if freeway and parking subsidies continue, the corollary inevitably follows that high-quality rapid transit will also require a subsidy."

A rough idea of the magnitude of the latter subsidy may be obtained from the two partly electrified New York Central suburban lines running into Grand Central. Electrifying all the way to Brewster on the Harlem Division and Peekskill on the Hudson Division, rebuilding the station platforms to eliminate the need for steps on the cars, providing first-class rolling stock and allowing for minor improvements, would cost in the neighborhood of \$60 million. This is less



than the money cost *per day* of the Vietnamese war at the present level of \$2 billion per month, a figure which emerged from the recent testimony of Administrator David E. Bell of the Agency for International Development in hearings before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

These two lines might be modernized with an investment substantially lower than the cost of waging the Vietnamese war for a single day. Electrification involves very high capital costs. If gas turbines were used, with transition to electric propulsion in the Grand Central tunnel, a lower investment would suffice. This situation can be more or less duplicated on other rail lines serving New York City and its environs; according to a study by the Regional Plan Association, full modernization of these lines would entail an investment of \$1 billion, spread over ten years.

The rail managers, whether in New York or elsewhere, are not going to defray the deficits on commuter services; the present situation results, in part, from their reluctance to do so. They are even less willing to pay for the updating of these services. They are going along now, and with their suppliers, showing signs of a progressive spirit, primarily because subsidies and possible future revenues have elevated

the mood of the industry. They can and do argue that if rail commuter service is necessary to avert chaos in ground transportation, the deficits are no obligation of theirs. It may be deplorable that they are not willing to show gratitude for past favors, dating back to the Civil War, and to defray these current costs out of profits from other operations, but under the free enterprise system they are not obliged to be so generous.

If ground transportation is to be radically modernized, the federal government will have to take over the major part of the capital cost of many projects. Thus we face a recurring dilemma. Our mores require an apparently permanent counterrevolution against communism. This costs money, lots of money. It spells defeat in the war on poverty. It also spells defeat in the effort to rationalize and renew metropolitan transportation. Capital costs must come for the most part from the funds now poured into foreign wars. It is a familiar conflict and one which will be resolved in the familiar way—by a course somewhere between catastrophic breakdown and the efficiency which an untrammelled technology offers. One can only hope it will be nearer the latter.

# CLEAR AND PRESENT DANGER

## VERN COUNTRYMAN

*Mr. Countryman, professor of law at the Harvard Law School, is the author of Discrimination and the Law (University of Chicago Press), Douglas of the Supreme Court (Doubleday) and Un-American Activities in the State of Washington (Cornell University Press).*

Given its record of futility and unconstitutionality, the best treatment for the McCarran Internal Security Act would be to repeal it. Instead, Rep. Charles Weltner of Georgia, the "liberal" member of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, has recently introduced a bill (H.R. 12302) to revise, expand and perpetuate it as a new "Criminal Conspiracies Control Act."

The McCarran Act was passed by the Congress in 1950, over President Truman's veto. After giving an elaborate recital of Congressional "findings" of internal subversion directed by a "world Communist movement," which was itself directed by "the Communist dictatorship of a foreign country," the act created a Subversive Activities Control Board to deal with the problem. The board was authorized to conduct hearings and to make determinations that organizations were either "Communist action" or "Communist front" ("Communist infiltrated" organizations were added by a 1954 amendment). Once the board had made such a determination, the organization was required to register with the Attorney General and to file with him each year information concerning its officers, membership, financial affairs and printing facilities. All members of "Communist-action" organizations were also required to register. In addition, federal tax exemptions were withdrawn from the proscribed organizations, and they were required to label all of their mailings and radio or television broadcasts to reveal that they were disseminated by "a Communist organization." Members of the proscribed organizations were barred from employment by the United States Government and from office in or employment by a labor union, and members of "Communist-action" organizations were also barred from employment in defense plants. Members of all proscribed organizations were to be denied passports.

President Truman in his veto message stated that he acted on the advice of the Departments of Justice, Defense and State and the Central Intelligence Agency, and that the McCarran Act "would seriously damage the security and intelligence operations for which they are responsible." He characterized the act as one which "would put the government of the United States in the thought-control business" by giving government officials "vast powers to harass all of our citizens in the exercise of their rights of free speech," and predicted that its "unworkable registration provisions" would require the government "to spend a great deal of time, effort and money—all to no good purpose."

Events have borne out the President's characterization and his predictions. The Subversive Activities Control Board's first proceeding, initiated against the Communist Party of the United States in 1950, after one determination

had been set aside by the Supreme Court because based in part on the evidence of perjurers, culminated in 1961 in a final order that the party register as a "Communist-action" organization. But the provision of the McCarran Act requiring members of the party to register themselves was held by the Supreme Court to violate the privilege against self-incrimination. That privilege has thus far also blocked criminal prosecution of the party for failure to register, and neither the Communist Party nor any of the twenty other organizations found to be "Communist fronts" has yet registered under the McCarran Act despite more than fifteen years of government effort. The Supreme Court has also invalidated the provision which would deny passports to members of the party, and has reversed two other orders of the board requiring organizations to register as "Communist fronts" because the orders were based on stale evidence. It has, in addition, invalidated as a bill of attainder a provision of the Taft-Hartley Act, similar to the McCarran Act's provision, making it a crime for a member of the Communist Party to serve as an officer of a labor union.

The Weltner bill of 1966 also recites Congressional "findings"—some ungrammatical ("Being a nation of laws, the Constitution protects the guilty as well as the innocent"), some vacuous ("Criminal syndicates are vast networks which exact billions of dollars from their victims"), and some amending the McCarran Act's findings to recite that control of the "world Communist movement" is now "divided among two or more foreign powers both [sic] of which" have established subversive groups within the United States.

Under the Weltner bill the Subversive Activities Control Board would be reconstituted as a Criminal Conspiracies Control Board, with authority to conduct hearings and make determinations that organizations are "criminal conspiracies" and that individuals are "members" of such organizations. "Criminal conspiracies" are of three varieties: (1) Any organization having as one of its purposes "the establishment [sic], control, conduct, seizure or overthrow of the government of the United States or any state by force or violence"; (2) any organization which "advocates or employs acts of violence or intimidation" to deprive United States citizens of rights under the federal Constitution or laws; or (3) "any organization having as its purpose the planned, continued and consistent execution of acts which violate" the federal Criminal Code. (Congressman Weltner has cited, as an example of each type, respectively, the Communist Party, the Ku Klux Klan and the Cosa Nostra.)

To avoid troublesome constitutional obstacles to self-registration and annual filing of information by proscribed groups, the Weltner bill requires the Attorney General to register in a "Register of Criminal Conspiracies" (open to public inspection) all groups ordered by the old Subversive Activities Control Board to register themselves, all groups found by the new Criminal Conspiracies Control Board to be criminal conspiracies, and all individuals found to be members of such conspiracies. Individual members are also

required to supply the Attorney General annually with their current addresses for inclusion in the "Register of Criminal Conspiracies." The newly proscribed organizations are required to label their mailings and their radio and television broadcasts to disclose that they are disseminated by "a criminal conspiracy," and are to forfeit tax exemptions and all other "rights, privileges, and immunities attendant upon legal bodies." Finally, the federal courts are authorized to issue sweeping injunctions directing organizations determined by the board to be criminal conspiracies to cease their conspiratorial activities, and these injunctions may be made binding on individuals whether or not they are parties to the proceeding.

Congressman Weltner's cynical joinder of organized crime, commercial or racist, with political unorthodoxy as the targets of his new bill, may gain him support among the unthinking. But it does not change the fact that the McCarran-Weltner approach is contrary to basic principles of our constitutional system. Indeed, the Weltner bill is in some respects more objectionable than the McCarran Act.

Like the McCarran Act, it would drastically abridge those freedoms of speech, belief and association which the First Amendment forbids Congress to abridge. Men and organizations are to be proscribed because they are found to "advocate," or have as "purposes" or "objectives" certain activity to be carried out in the future. Departing from our constitutional practice of punishing acts, we are to continue and expand the McCarran practice of attempting to search out potential actors by official inquiry into and strictures upon speech, belief and association, in complete disregard of the First Amendment.

The Weltner bill and the McCarran Act also dispense with the view that individual guilt is personal, and resort instead to the pernicious doctrine of guilt by association. Once the group is proscribed by the board, the board is also to proscribe its members. And in determining whether an individual is a member of the group the board "shall consider the extent to which [he] has had a close and continuing relationship with such [group], knowing the purpose thereof." Evidence of such relationship would be "in any manner communicating or publicizing" its "policies, plans, or directives," or supporting it "by financial or other contribution" or by "advising, counselling, imparting suggestions." Lest some or all of these matters be viewed as consistent with innocent affiliation, publication in the Federal Register of the board's prior determination that the group is a criminal conspiracy is made to "constitute notice to all concerned." By such standards the bill would dispense with the due process requirement of a rational basis of proof by authorizing the board to conclude that one who made suggestions to or in any manner contributed to the group, or in any way publicized any of its policies (a) knew of its proscribed purposes, (b) had a close and continuing relationship with it, and (c) was a member of it.

Because we are not really equipped to read the minds of men or the collective minds of groups, it becomes necessary for the McCarran-Weltner approach to dispense with rationality and to substitute statutory presumptions for evidence. In determining whether a group is a criminal conspiracy of the Communist variety, the board "shall take into

consideration" the extent to which its policies "are consistent with" the policies of any foreign government which is a "dictatorship," and the extent to which "for the purpose of concealing its activities and goals, and connections with foreign governments," it conceals its membership or "in other ways operates in a secret manner." For criminal conspiracies of the Ku Klux Klan or Cosa Nostra variety, the same practices of secrecy "for the purpose of concealing" goals and activities is also to be considered evidence of the proscribed goals and activities.

Since our traditional constitutional guarantees designed to insure a fair trial are devised for procedures which punish actors rather than potential actors, those guarantees must



give way to the McCarran Act and the Weltner bill. It is made a crime for one who has been determined to be a "member" of a criminal conspiracy to fail to file his address with the Attorney General. But in the ensuing criminal prosecution most of the basic elements of the offense will not be submitted to the jury, nor be subject to proof beyond reasonable doubt, nor open to cross-examination, nor indeed to inquiry. The board will already have determined, in a proceeding of which the alleged "member" may have had no notice, and on the basis of a preponderance of the evidence as aided by statutory presumptions described above, that the group is a criminal conspiracy. The accused "member" may never have learned of the board's determination, but that is irrelevant. Publication of the determination in the Federal Register is to fill the gap. Even the question of the accused "member's" membership will not be open in the criminal trial. That issue also will have been determined by the board under the special definitions and evidentiary rules prescribed by the Weltner bill. The only issue in the criminal trial is to be whether the accused filed his address—though he was not in any rational sense a

member of the proscribed group, did not know of its proscribed purposes, did not know that those purposes had been proscribed until "membership" proceedings before the board were brought against him, never had a chance to contest the findings as to the group, and will not have a chance in the criminal trial to contest the board's findings of his "membership" in the group.

The Supreme Court has characterized as "the first essential of due process of law" that "the terms of a penal statute creating a new offense must be sufficiently explicit to inform those who are subject under it what conduct will render them liable to those penalties"—an essential which the Court held was lacking in "a statute which either forbids or requires the doing of an act in terms so vague that men of common intelligence must necessarily guess at its meaning and differ as to its application." Clearly, the basic constitutional requirement is disregarded by the Weltner bill, as by the McCarran Act before it. What man of common or uncommon intelligence can inform himself as to the meaning of "criminal conspiracy" or of "membership" therein under the tortured definitions and evidentiary rules of the Weltner bill?

Weltner goes beyond McCarran in the authorization of dragnet injunctions against conspiracies or participation therein by any persons, whether or not they are parties to the injunction procedure. The obvious purpose here is to circumvent the constitutional guarantees for criminal trials completely. All subject to injunction are also subject to summary procedures for contempt of court in disregarding the injunction—without the benefit of indictment by grand jury, trial by jury, presumption of innocence, and the requirement that proof of guilt be beyond reasonable doubt.

Weltner also goes beyond McCarran in another respect. Lest the Fifth Amendment's privilege against self-incrimination prove troublesome in hearings before the board or in injunction proceedings before the courts, witnesses may be granted complete immunity from prosecution for any matter about which they are compelled to testify or any matter later discovered as a result of such testimony. With such an amnesty from criminal prosecution for actual crimes as bait, the board and the courts may indeed be able to induce those of Communist, Ku Klux Klan or Cosa Nostra persuasion who have committed such crimes to testify to the speech, beliefs and associations of others.

## LETTER FROM BRITAIN

### RAYMOND WILLIAMS

*We are pleased to announce that beginning with this issue Mr. Williams will be contributing a regular "Letter from Britain." He is a Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, and one of Britain's most distinguished young social critics. His better-known books include Culture and Society, The Long Revolution, and two novels, Border Country and Second Generation.—THE EDITORS*

During these warm months of May and June, we have been living through a national crisis. There is a nationwide strike of merchant seamen. But the crisis is not in the fact that its merchant fleets are dry-docked. Foreign ships still come into port, and the only shortages are on some of the off-shore islands. The crisis is rather in the fact that the strike has had the effect of shattering a long-standing myth: that England can advance in its own social progress, regardless of any external pressures. In its actions, the Labour Party has indeed shown that it will bow to external pressures: pressures on the pound. And former supporters of the Labour Party cannot help wondering whether it is time to reassess their allegiances.

The government, in effect, has been faced with a choice between favoring the interests of its sailors, or the sterling pound. If the sailors get their raise, they are likely to spend more money out of the country, and the goal of protecting the pound will not have been advanced. On the other hand, if the sailors do not get their raise, then the pound is being protected, but the sailors—traditional heroes of the British people—are being allowed to continue working at a pitifully low wage scale as compared with other laboring professions. The New Left is watching the Labour government choose

to support the pound over bettering the conditions of the sailors; it is watching what is supposed to be the party of the people choose commercial over humanitarian goals.

Wilson has dramatized this whole issue as a struggle between the state and the seamen. The seamen insisted all along, and in my view rightly, that this was solely an industrial dispute with the shipowners. But Wilson had made it seem to the public that the seamen, demanding their own rights, are working against the public interest. The known militancy of the seamen makes this image believable to the public.

Here in Cambridge we had a meeting of the Center for Socialist Education to hear one of the seamen's leaders present his case. What struck me most in listening to him was the sheer injustice in Wilson's having dramatized the strike as a struggle between the state and the seamen. The seamen obviously need the raise for which they are striking. The strike, in fact, is long overdue. During the good years for British shipping the seamen had a notoriously inert and bureaucratic union. Most of the present leadership had to fight for years to break through the old leadership, and it really only succeeded in doing so by the early sixties. By that time—after all those years of poor union leadership—wages and conditions had dropped well below national standards. The present struggle for a forty-hour week is essentially an attempt to get for the seamen what the great majority of British workers already have.

The government's rationale for opposing the seamen's strike is that the seamen are ignoring the government's incomes policy (the name is supposed to distinguish it from a wage freeze). But the incomes policy provides that in

special cases the ordinary norm for growth may be exceeded. It is a complicated matter—the wages-and-hours structure at sea is understandably difficult to figure out—but there does not seem to be a clearer candidate for exceptional treatment than the seamen.

The government, however—particularly Wilson, Gunter and Brown—seem to have been inconsistent in their application of the incomes policy. The argument seems to be used only against working men. A writer in the *Financial Times*, of all places, commented quite accurately:

It has begun to look very much as though there is one incomes policy for the rich and another for the poor—or perhaps, more accurately, one for the professional classes and one for the rest. It is a matter of cold fact that the increases in incomes that have taken the public's breath away since the incomes policy entered the picture, all affected professional groups—judges, doctors, top civil

servants, Members of Parliament and Ministers of the Crown.

What we have here is the spectacle of government employees voting high pay scales for themselves, then turning around and telling the seamen, who make an equivalent of 70c an hour, to think of the national interest.

It seems, in short, that all the hopes the British New Left had of the Labour Party are being remorselessly shown up as illusions. And it is becoming clear that the old belief—that Britain, because of its special circumstances in being an island, could take its own quiet road to socialism—is now ludicrous. Since 1962 the New Left has put its strength behind the Labour Party. Now we should not be surprised to see it move on—perhaps to a closer association with the Communists; the warm months of May and June have cooled its mood.

## LETTERS (continued from page 2)

station WTOP) I pointed out that the weekly figures on American deaths in Vietnam which are carried in the press are grossly misleading for they do not include the men who have died because of disease, air accidents, and the like. Mr. Sylvester's response was to berate me on the telephone for thirty minutes and then dash off a splenetic letter with a carbon copy to (of course) the president of The American University, where I teach government. First Mr. Sylvester tries to intimidate newsmen, and now he goes after a professor. Who will be next?

Daniel M. Berman

### 90 degrees off course

Zelienople, Pa.

DEAR SIR: Marguerite Young, in her book, *Angel in the Forest* [reviewed in *The Nation*, June 13, by Harriet Zinnes], places the original settlement of the Harmonists 25 miles west of Pittsburgh. It is, in fact, 30 miles north of Pittsburgh. This sets the tone of the book as an interpretation, at least 90 degrees removed from reality. It also indicates the value of the research. The book is a mass of verbiage that wastes valuable sociological material.

Henry A. Ziegler

### no way out

New York City

DEAR SIR: In his interesting article, "Thoughtways of Foreign Policy" [*The Nation*, May 30], William Foote Whyte pointed out the inextricable association between a foreign policy of a government and the individuals in that government who are chiefly responsible for that policy. He suggested that since our President cannot reverse a foreign policy in which he had made a major investment, he should be very sure that the policies in which he invests will succeed.

Mr. Whyte's conclusion is not the only one which can follow from his perceptive analysis. Another conclusion is that the U.S. Constitution is inadequate because it offers no way for our country to give up a failing foreign policy in which our President has made a major investment.

Most viable systems of government have provided some way for governmental policies to be reversed and the men responsible for rejected policies to be removed from office. In parliamentary systems such as in England and France, a policy of the executive can be rejected in several ways. An English cabinet might force

the resignation of a member who advocates a policy which the majority rejects. A French cabinet might dissolve itself if it does not accept a policy of one of its members. Or a cabinet could be pulled down by a "no confidence" vote of a parliament which rejects its policy. . . .

Our own Constitution offers no effective means of removing the chief advocate of a foreign policy when that advocate is the President. . . . Can we expect that every policy in which a U.S. President invests will be reasonable? Or is it not more reasonable that a President, like other men, will occasionally be wrong and support a policy that will fail? . . . It seems to me that we should consider revising our Constitution in order to provide a more practical way to reverse a policy in which our President has made a major but mistaken commitment.

Robert Kaplan

### Johnson right first time

New York City

DEAR SIR: A *New York Times* report of June 8 that the United States plans to build up its forces in Vietnam by another 100,000 troops by the end of the year and start on yet another offensive brings to mind what Lyndon B. Johnson, then Vice President, advised President Kennedy after he came back from a visit to Vietnam, as quoted by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., in *A Thousand Days*:

The long time danger comes not from Communism but from hunger, ignorance, poverty and disease.

Involvement of troops for combat at this time is not only unnecessary but undesirable because it would revive anti-colonial emotions throughout Asia.

It would be useful to enunciate more clearly than we have to the young nations what we expect of them.

It seems to me that these premises are still valid, that President Johnson would be well advised to listen to his own counsel as Vice President, and remember that a great part of the electorate gave him their vote on these premises.

The talk of finding "a face-saving formula" is utter nonsense. Our face looks so bad by now that it is not worth saving. Let us show a NEW FACE!

Werner Landshoff

# BOOKS & THE ARTS

## New Left: Beyond the Burning Moral Thing

THE NEW RADICALS: A Report with Documents. By Paul Jacobs and Saul Landau. Random House. 333 pp. \$6.95. Vintage Books. \$1.95 paper.

THE NEW STUDENT LEFT: An Anthology. Edited by Mitchell Cohen and Dennis Hale. Beacon Press. 288 pp. \$4.95.

THE NEW LEFT. By Phillip Abbott Luce. David McKay. 214 pp. \$4.50.

### JAMES O'CONNOR

Mr. O'Connor will join the Economics Department of San Jose State College in September.

Writing on English working-class politics in the era of British imperial supremacy, Edward Thompson has shown that one of the reasons why the anti-imperialist movement failed was that there was "so bloody much to oppose." In a collection of essays on British working-class history, another brilliant and versatile Marxist, Eric Hobsbawm, has argued that many decades passed before workers and capitalists fully took each other's measure in the post-Industrial Revolution epoch. The two sides persisted in making strategic and tactical mistakes because the eternal struggle between the haves and have-nots necessarily took on a totally changed character in a capitalist industrial society.

These insights offer more than mere historical or academic interest. In our age the United States is the main imperialist power, and the American Left has failed to find its collective voice partly because United States imperialism is so all-comprehensive and provides so many targets. Perhaps of more immediate significance, for the first time in the history of any society, the economic surplus in contemporary America exceeds necessary costs of production. Welfare workers and their clients, college professors and their students, community organizers and their ghetto constituents—nearly all of us live off the surplus. This raises the possibility that the present-day struggle between the propertied and propertyless must be carried on along basically different lines than the labor conflicts in either the pre- or post-Industrial Revolution eras. Thus, if there was ever a period when the old saw, "theory before practice," had substantive meaning, it is in our time. Yet it is precisely in the sphere of political

theory and ideology that the Movement, or New Left, is listless and weak.

This is the inescapable conclusion which any fair reader of two of the books under review will reach, and which is readily conceded by the authors of one of them. *The New Radicals* is a highly reliable and very well-written guide to the organizations which comprise the New Left, and also includes a well-chosen set of Movement documents. The authors, Paul Jacobs and Saul Landau, are radicals (and therefore sympathetic) and independents (and hence critical and objective). Landau is one of the founders of *Studies on the Left*, which comes closest of all the papers and journals to being the New Left's theoretical organ, and is especially sensitive to the failure of the Movement to develop an attractive and relevant ideology, together with a realistic Socialist alternative to contemporary monopoly capitalism. In no sense a definitive interpretation of the New Left (if only for the reason that a full and detailed analysis of a movement so loosely organized, rudderless and leaderless is impossible), *The New Radicals* is an intelligent excursion into the social psychology of the Movement and its political style and tone.

The Jacobs-Landau book makes a good companion volume to Mitchell Cohen and Dennis Hale's *The New Student Left*, a fine anthology of New Left documents compiled by two Oberlin College students themselves active in the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), the largest and most ambitious of the Movement groups. Putting aside SDS's Port Huron statement, the most widely read and influential of all New Left documents, there is very little overlap between the two anthologies. This is not as surprising as it might seem because the New Left is highly prolific in both the written and spoken word. On the one hand, there is no single outstanding critic or analyst who dominates Movement thinking and to whom everyone else merely listens (Thomas Hayden of SDS and the Newark Community Union Project perhaps come closest to filling this role); on the other hand, the New Left cadres, especially SDS workers, are largely college trained, often thoughtful and always articulate. Together with the fact that in the New Left milieu everyone is given his say on every issue, these factors ac-

count for the veritable explosion of speeches, articles, position papers, editorials, internal memorandums, ad infinitum.

What do they all add up to? For one thing, an excellent sense of the moral decay of contemporary American society and a solid political critique of American government. On the negative side, there is no serious analysis of monopoly capitalism as a system of political economy, surprisingly little in the way of a critique of American culture, and nothing in the way of a theory of social change that takes us beyond Mills. In these self-portraits, the New Left reveals that it is not so much a revolt against an economic system and the corporate oligarchy which rules it, as an expression of a deep-going dissatisfaction with a hypocritical society in moral decay and controlled by an inhuman, faceless bureaucracy. Even the Negro movement in the South, which has its hands full in the struggle for the most elementary political rights, has been captivated by the profoundly revolutionary idea that ordinary people ought to be able to take part in the big decisions that affect their lives. Bigness, the monopolization of the levers of power, demagoguery, inhumanity—the enemies are largely abstractions. They are not the exclusive province of business, government, universities or labor unions. Thus the New Left scatters its shots; the target is never quite in focus; the Movement is so pro-people that an activist in JOIN (a Chicago community project) self-consciously places quotation marks around the word "enemy."

To be sure, few in the Movement are happy with the absence of a clear-cut political program and strategy, and the organizations in the South, in the Northern ghettos and on the campuses exhibit an eager willingness to experiment. In the words of Jacobs and Landau, "above all, those in the Movement now restlessly seek to find a new politics and a new ideology that will permit them to link existential humanism with morally acceptable modes of achieving radical social change." Yet to date these attempts must be put down as a failure. If two words can describe anything as loose knit and shapeless as the Movement, they are "utopian socialism." Jacobs and Landau correctly interpret the Movement as fundamentally a protest from the heart; the "burning moral thing" is crucial from the earliest stages of recruitment to the

last nonviolent demonstration; to be in the New Left is to search for a psychic identity.

It is quite true that Movement writers have refined the critique of liberalism and liberal politics put forth most convincingly by C. Wright Mills; and the New Left must be credited with the most devastating analysis of the university in the service of corporate enterprise since Veblen and Clark Kerr. Yet it is hard to escape the impression that the New Left must be one of the most intellectually naive radical movements in memory. Thus Movement activists frequently use the expression, "radical social change," but rarely is there even an attempt to give it precise meaning. In the community projects there is much talk of "raising consciousness" and helping the poor to understand the basic causes of their condition. But the causes are apparently unnumbered and the enemy is practically everyone—slum lords, welfare officials, corrupt local government, state bureaucrats, corporate liberals, the liberal establishment, the power structure, the Negro middle class, some whites, all whites. . . . There is a certain crucial moment when the New Left puts aside its powers of analysis and ability to differentiate.

Writing about JOIN, Richard Flacks discovers that "a major fact of our time is the inability of people to think clearly about the society in which they live." As if false consciousness is somehow a new, post-World War II phenomenon. Carl Wittman, also in SDS, refers to the need for "major national changes (probably socialistic)" with no apparent thought to the need for developing a Socialist program which makes sense in the United States. Bruce Payne, an ex-SNCC worker, replaces fact and analysis with hope: "While there is disagreement about how effective participatory democracy might be in solving national problems, there is widespread conviction that it is the best available hope." Some sections of the New Left look to a Negro-liberal-labor alliance without recognizing that there is today such an alliance, led by Lyndon Johnson. Thomas Kahn does an excellent job in demonstrating that liberals back away from the Movement at crucial moments, and then concludes that what is really needed is a liberal-labor alliance. Others in the New Left have offered devastating indictments of inequality and discrimination in America, but one rarely finds a clear recognition that inequality is integral to capitalism and that racism is endemic to the system and one of the pillars of monopoly capitalism.

Thomas Hayden rightly points out that the student movement has cut itself off from the major instruments and institutions of social change and has yet to find

substitutes. But instead of directly challenging the main instrument of class rule, the giant corporation, there is a tendency for the New Left to throw all of its eggs into the basket of "counter-community." In fact, it is the idea of counter-community and participatory democracy which is the single unifying element of the Mississippi, Alabama, Newark, Chicago, Berkeley axis. "Participatory democracy" is a powerful slogan, but when Movement leaders begin to take it seriously they obviously cease to be leaders. Similarly, "counter-community" has undoubtedly attractive (albeit romantic) features, yet represents less an assault on the citadels of power than an attempt to build up a strong, but isolated, defensive position.

The self-portraits in these anthologies disclose that there are a large number of courageous and active young people who are willing to deny themselves the fruits of economic affluence, but confine themselves to chipping away at the exposed edges of the system of monopoly capitalism and imperialism. I do not claim to fully understand the reasons for this state of affairs, although there are certain obvious elements present. One is the fact that the New Left activist is caught in the scissors of a corrupt university system where "technical excellence" has long since driven out critical reason and the Movement's own moral posture which rules out strong leadership and ideology. The New Left deplors the common exercise of critical, disciplined intelligence in the conduct of public affairs, yet adopts an anti-intellectual attitude in the conduct of the protest movement. Another reason is the total absence of a meaningful Marxist intellectual tradition in the United States. Many of those in the best of the Marxist tradition (the late Prof. Paul Baran, for instance) wrote the United States off as beyond hope, in any case.

Most of what passes for Marxism today is the sloganeering and mindless ultra-leftism of Progressive Labor and some of the other "Marxist" sects which have had a certain attraction for the more hot-blooded new leftists. Jacobs and Landau also provide a guided tour of these organizations, which can be described as less "utopian Socialist" than "utopian Marxist-Leninist." The sects do not even produce interesting defectors, as a quick perusal of Phillip Abbott Luce's political confessions in *The New Left* will readily disclose. A pale shadow of the Koestlers and Silones, who at least had passion and intelligence, Luce tries to convey the impression that Progressive Labor ought to be "controlled" because it is undermining American democracy, as if democracy had not already been under-

mined by those whom Progressive Labor attempts to fight. The final reason is that one of the by-products of the Great Celebration of the fifties is a painful shortage of top-flight, non-Marxist, radical intellectuals. Prof. William Appleman Williams, more than anyone else, inspired the group of graduate students around *Studies on the Left*; the writings of C. Wright Mills anticipated a great many of the things that the New Left is currently saying; but there is not one single economist or writer primarily in the field of politics who has managed to catch on with the Movement.

Thus it will come as no surprise to learn that the lack of a coherent and practical theory of social change and meaningful program, together with a sense of confusion about the scope and character of the Movement's constituency, has led to a certain amount of demoralization and more than a few failures. SNCC has apparently abandoned the civil rights coalition to embark on a career of independent political action. Berkeley's Free Speech Movement is for all practical purposes a dead letter, and its successor, the Vietnam Day Committee, is able to mobilize fewer and fewer people for demonstrations. The Robert Scheer campaign in the Democratic Party primaries is the latest rage of the Bay Area and its coalitionist, popular-front character is bound to doom it as a basis for permanent political activity. Some of SDS's community projects have fallen on dark days, while others have allied themselves with local liberal forces (for example, JOIN). While the New Left in no sense has run out of steam, its organizational formats, programs (such as they are) and leadership are in a state of constant flux.

Everyone agrees that the overriding need at present is to hammer out a common, realistic position on the range of domestic and international questions and to discover something which will hold the Movement together beyond the "burning moral thing." The leaders of the Movement and the youth sections of the old Left groupings are the first to admit that they have failed in this task. Perhaps it will be possible to synthesize old and New Left thinking into a set of programs and policies which will incorporate the relevant features of both approaches, yet imitate neither.

Certainly the old Left is correct in believing that what is required is a Socialist movement, but, just as surely, they are wrong to think that the American working class will be the main "agency" and that socialism will triumph at the end of a long struggle around the issues of mass poverty and unemployment. For their part, the New Left is absolutely right

in thinking that the "quality of life" issues are potentially the important ones, particularly in connection with the problem of developing a permanent cadre. But they are dead wrong to believe that reform under a system of monopoly capitalism can be anything more than a "labor of Sisyphus," or that it is possible or feasible to attempt an end-run around the class system via the counter-community. The old Left is right to stick to the basic idea that if the masses do not "make"

history, at least it is on their shoulders that history is carried, and they correctly affirm the old-fashioned notion that individual action contains important social content. The New Left is equally right to stress the essential humanity of the individual, and the individual content of all social phenomena. If the mature Marx is the god of the old Left, and the young Marx a symbol of the New Left, the Marx for a new Socialist Left has yet to be discovered.

## Behind Pluralism's Facade

PRIVATE POWER AND AMERICAN DEMOCRACY. By Grant McConnell. Alfred A. Knopf. 397 pp. \$6.95.

### HENRY S. KARIEL

Mr. Kariel is professor of political science at the University of Hawaii and the author, most recently, of *In Search of Authority* (Free Press), and of the forthcoming *The Promise of Politics* (Prentice-Hall).

There has been no lack of apologists for that welter of economic, agricultural and professional groups by virtue of which we call our society "pluralistic." From the time of Tocqueville to that of Daniel Bell, we have been assured that all is well: groups are in amiable competition with one another, all Americans belong to groups, and individual interests are thereby duly protected.

Against this view a generation of critics has maintained that American pluralism can no longer deliver what it promises. Beginning with Herbert Croly's defense of Hamiltonian means to achieve Jeffersonian ends, we have been offered a vast literature concerned with the way private groups frustrate the development of American democracy. Rather than to guarantee the representative character of public policy, our acceptance of pluralism, we have been told, has the effect of favoring existing groups over those struggling for recognition. The well organized are favored over those trying to find their voice. And governmental agencies supposedly regulating the economy readily become the handmaidens of dominant group interests. Thus the elites of politically unrestrained power blocs—the leadership of General Motors, the Teamsters, the AMA, the Farm Bureau—are in position to formulate policy. They are free to determine the level and distribution of national income, to direct the allocation of resources, to decide the extent and the rate of technological, economic, medical and educational develop-

ment, to fix the level and conditions of employment, the structure of wage rates, and the terms, tempo and season of production. In short, they are free to govern.

We have been shown, furthermore, that we are not a nation of joiners—or rather that, even when we have joined, we do not belong to anything genuinely ours. We have been shown what we know, namely that the PTA, the county medical association, or even the NAACP are not likely to give their members that warm feeling of involvement and fulfillment promised by the advocates of pluralism. It has been amply demonstrated that decentralization of governmental power, far from "giving government back to the people," delivers it to the most prosperous and least scrupulous interests in the localities; "grass-roots democracy" reinforces power already centralized and consolidated under private auspices. And insofar as so-called private associations are giant size, they are oligarchical organizations, smothering the individual as effectively as any tyrannical state. They are neither private nor voluntary. Oliver Garceau writing on the AMA, Philip Selznick on the TVA, Robert Engler on the oil industry, Samuel Huntington on the ICC, Norman Kaiser and Philip Foss on governmental advisory groups, Michael Reagan on what he has called the managed economy, David Riesman on "veto groups," C. Wright Mills on the theory of "balance"—all these have appealed to the facts to jeopardize the case for pluralism. And just a few months ago, in a brief but stunning analysis, Robert Paul Wolff carefully pulled these accounts together and dissected the ideology of American pluralism (*A Critique of Pure Tolerance*, Beacon).

These works have all called attention to the monolithic reality behind the pluralistic façade, and thereby challenged the central dogma of pluralism, the notion that individual freedom is likely to be extended when the government acts seemingly as a neutral umpire.

It is to these voices that Grant McConnell has now added his. With massive documentation, and following up his own previous study of the Farm Bureau, he comprehensively reviews what he calls an open secret: the undemocratic character of the American pluralistic system. More than that, Mr. McConnell argues persuasively against governmental fragmentation, against a political process favoring decision making by narrow constituencies pursuing special interests, and ultimately against the belief in "small units of social and political organization as the citadels of virtually all the values associated with democracy." In his best chapter, he concludes that groups based on narrow constituencies respond to materialistic demands and are not apt to support interests generally regarded as public. More concretely, he shows that money and violence are more likely to be effective in small constituencies, that personal freedom is less likely to be protected by them. America's pluralistic community, the myth to the contrary, encourages extremism and reinforces inequalities.

For Mr. McConnell, the central fact is that a substantial part of government has come under the influence of largely autonomous groups—and that within them power is not equally shared. As a result, those at the margin of American life, especially farm migrant workers, Negroes and the urban poor, "have not been included in the system of 'pluralist' representation so celebrated in recent years." They can find representation only through the system of political parties and the Presidency, no other institutions being capable of achieving genuinely public values by transcending our fragmented society.

If Mr. McConnell's argument is overwhelmingly plausible, as I think it is, why is it nonetheless so hard to believe that it can have any practical consequence? Is the prevailing system so effective that no form of criticism can take hold? What audience can Mr. McConnell command? Who is listening? The fact is, those who have the power to rehabilitate the American polity will scarcely be moved by Mr. McConnell's analysis, even though they may help in merchandising it.

But what is more poignant, I believe, is that Mr. McConnell's professional colleagues are also not likely to be responsive. For some years now, political scientists, unknown to the general public, have contributed to the same debate, but in terms wholly different from those employed by McConnell. Like him, they have been concerned about the possibilities our society still offers for widespread

political participation. Yet their debate has been couched in the esoteric prose suitable for methodological disputes. Is "power" something possessed by some elite or is it better understood as a network of relationships? Is it meaningful to speak of "the public interest" as something distinct from the interests of cohesive and articulate groups? Can we learn who governs by inquiring who makes crucial decisions or must we ask who is reputed by others to be among the influentials?

Taking sides in this debate, political scientists have committed themselves to two alternative views of the American system. One group has seen it as essentially mature—despite prevailing apathy, under-representation of unorganized interests, and rule by elites. The other has seen the political system as essentially underdeveloped—despite its impressive stability. Criticizing one another's research designs, they have not, however, directly argued their respective positions. Thus Robert A. Dahl has as little defended the elitism implicit in his major work, *Who Governs?*, as the critics of elitism (Robert Presthus, Robert Agger, Lane Davis) have made an explicit case for participatory democracy. Both sides have assumed that a description of the facts and a commitment to methodological purity, to what Dewey called monastic impeccability, makes explicit argument

dispensable. Thus Mr. McConnell's book—sustained by a fine moral tone, lamenting our present condition, ending with policy prescriptions—is not likely to be perceived as relevant to current academic research. It will be reviewed in the professional journals as still another collection of case studies, belonging—it will be said with disparagement—to the older reformist tradition of political science. It "merely" amends the plea of the progressive movement, perhaps alerting our sense of injustice but certainly not objective enough to contribute to the new science of politics.

Political scientists are concerned with research strategies. Men of power are imperturbably exercising power. And the mass of Americans have not identified their grievances. Is it necessary to note that the times are not with McConnell?

Not having a viable public, he has understandably written for himself. Having made the relevant American political reality comprehensible to himself, having brought order to his thinking, he has kept his balance, however unbalanced the world outside. The book is Mr. McConnell's personal success, a performance in the spirit of the youngster who was asked whether picketing the governor's mansion to protest the Chessman execution was really going to change the world, and answered, "I'm just trying to keep the world from changing me."

## Criticism Sans Action

**THE RADICAL PAPERS:** Essays in Democratic Socialism. Edited by Irving Howe. Doubleday & Co. 378 pp. \$5.95.

**THE COMMENTARY READER:** Two Decades of Articles and Stories. Edited by Norman Podhoretz. Atheneum Publishers. 763 pp. \$12.50.

### PETER LATHROP

Mr. Lathrop has been published in *Studies on the Left* and other journals. He is currently editing an anthology of articles from *Monthly Review*.

As continuing critic of society, the intellectual perpetually faces what Hegel terms "a disappearing mode of existence." Seeking to transform idea into action, moral vision into personal and social reality, he necessarily opposes the dead energies of the past entombed in the controlling economic, social and political institutions of the present. He defines a universe of permanent change, illuminating emerging social forces in order to discover their moral potentialities. Postulating the fun-

damental irrationality of the *status quo*, the intellectual freely develops revolutionary as well as evolutionary perspectives of change. The intellectual is both a necessary source of information and a perpetual threat to the *status quo*. His knowledge confronts their power, and the shifting rates of exchange define the modes of capitulation and resistance. In times of consensus, the intellectual's alternatives are ambiguous. As opposition social and political energies dry up, the state monopolizes the means of transforming ideas into action. Government agencies, corporations, foundations and universities dangle the lure of relevance by establishing a circuit between knowledge and power. To avoid isolation and impotence, the majority quietly capitulates. And upon entering the parlor, the intellectual discovers money, status and respectability—along with an occasional CIA agent. Altered circumstances, however, encourage acceptance, in principle, of the arrangement: reserving the "right to criticize" parts, he ceases to be a critic of the whole. As a "responsible intellec-

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By Laura Tallian

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tual who moves between his campus and Washington," he soon learns that "above all, his task is, in the language of the current generation, to 'cool it'—to bring . . . 'not heat but light' to public affairs."

A lesson protrudes clearly through President Johnson's clumsy metaphors: holding a candle to his leader, the intellectual may illuminate selected corners of dark rooms, but he must, "above all," not lose his balance, thereby transforming light into heat. Nevertheless, genuine intellectuals developed modes of resistance to the American celebration and to the dehumanizing pursuit of the cold war. If mass circulation publications have more than adequately covered the disappointing retreat of the majority, the small quality journals of opinion such as *Commentary*, *Dissent*, *Liberation*, *Monthly Review*, and *The Nation* have ably recorded the spiritual history of American intellectuals. Much of this material—which rapidly becomes inaccessible—has been anthologized in books such as *Seeds of Liberation* (Braziller) and *The State*

Michael Goldman, Poetry Editor, will be on leave until September 15. During that time no poetry will be considered for publication, but we will welcome submissions again in the early fall.

of the Nation (Prentice-Hall). *The Radical Papers* and *The Commentary Reader* are valuable additions to the growing list of histories of the present.

A collection of essays drawn primarily from *Dissent*, *The Radical Papers* is, according to Irving Howe, "a semi-collective venture: the work, in the main, of a fairly close-knit group composed of fierce individualists" which includes Daniel Bell, Paul Goodman, Irving Howe, Michael Harrington, George Lichtheim and Harold Rosenberg.

Despite important differences, this group is united in its commitment to the intellectual's function as independent thinker and political actor in search of a better social order—a genuinely democratic community in which an equitable distribution of wealth will be accompanied by a human culture. "Socialism," Lewis Coser and Irving Howe declare in the lead essay, "is the name of our desire": its vague but compelling image forms the ethical core of the book. If the chief tensions center around the dim prospects for realizing this desire, the theoretical and practical dilemma issues from the contributors' personal and political past. Intellectual descendants of Marx and Trotsky, the *Dissent* group has retained elements of the Socialist vision while rejecting, in varying degrees, revolutionary theory and politics.

Having come to political maturity in the radical atmosphere of the thirties, many of these writers witnessed the breakdown of American revolutionary politics, the resurgence of domestic capitalism and the collapse of the Soviet myth of instant consummation of an ideal through violent revolution. The failure of revolutionary praxis in the United States encouraged them to doubt and finally to deny the Marxian synthesis between social criticism and revolutionary political action. Part I of *The Radical Papers* is an exploration of the ruins of this seemingly permanent disintegration. In a key essay "Marxism: Criticism and/or Action," Harold Rosenberg clearly summarizes the impasse: "Marxism is unthinkable apart from its premise of proletarian victory and its all-liberating effects." Since the contributors believe neither in the possibility of such a revolution in America nor in its immediate liberating effects, "what remains valid in Marx's analysis is the negative force of its example in persistent social unmasking. . . ."

Part II contains tentative notes toward a post-Marxian synthesis of criticism and action relevant to contemporary American society. In "A Fabian Program for America," Daniel Friedenberg concludes that "the future demands a shift in values

## TO THE HEART

TADEUSZ ROZEWICZ

*I saw  
a specialist a cook  
place his hand in the mouth  
slide it down  
through the sheep's throat  
touch the beating heart  
close his fist on it  
and tear it out with  
one jerk*

*yes sir  
that was*

*a specialist*

Translated by VICTOR CONTOSKI

from power over other men through competition to power over ourselves and the environment through co-operation." But the consistently vague cures offered in these essays are almost wholly external to present social realities. They float in an empty space of moral imperatives and conditional warnings: instead of revealing paths to the immediate future, they duplicate and intensify the critical unmasking of the irrationalities of the *status quo*.

And the problem of action remains. Combined with a painful awareness of the improbability of radically transforming social institutions, the urgent feeling that *something* must be done to avert what Ben Seligman terms "a vast trauma" recasts the intellectual's search to synthesize knowledge and power on a more sophisticated level. On balance, a dreary mood of resignation infects but does not overwhelm the book. The dominant impulse is to relate criticism and action in a new political constellation of the opposition groups—the Negro, the poor and the disaffected student and intellectual—which experience the most profound economic and spiritual dislocations generated by monopoly capitalism.

The contributors to the closing section, "The Problems of Radical Politics," contend that through various combinations of protest, coalition politics and parallel institutions, the dispossessed can claim their just inheritance—all in the context of an altered but thoroughly recognizable welfare state. Against the continuous resistance of the *status quo*, opposition groups can establish minor bases of power and develop what Tom Hayden hopes will become "the genuine institutions of the total society." Yet in what sense would they be dominant? Rather than altering the character of the "total society," would not such marginal institutions soon be transformed into dependent parts of an irrational whole? These are the crucial

questions which the radical intellectual must constantly clarify. The post-Marxian union of theory and practice which emerges from *The Radical Papers*, however, seems to dissolve the need for such explorations into the primary source of our social diseases. To the extent that they grudgingly accept the economic framework of monopoly capitalism, the *Dissent* intellectuals impair their function as critics of the social whole.

*The Commentary Reader*, a sprawling tapestry of more than 50 postwar essays, reviews and short stories, lacks the lucid design and argumentative structure of Howe's anthology. The major subsections—"The Holocaust and After," "East and West," "The Light of History," "Groups," "Thought in Crisis," "Writing" and "The American Predicament"—express recurring motifs of *Commentary*. The chronological arrangement of the pieces creates a pattern of ebb and flow rather than a central direction, which elicits a feeling of exhausted equilibrium in the reader—as if he has taken a long journey in a rocking chair. This overall impression of stasis is curious because so many of the particular contributions exhibit breadth and vitality—for example, Alfred Kazin's introduction, "The Jew as Modern American Writer," Harold Rosenberg's "The Trial and Eichmann," Henry David Aiken's "The Revolt Against Ideology" and Edgar Friedenberg's "The Gifted Student and His Enemies." Moreover, about one-half of the writers in *The Commentary Reader* also contribute to *Dissent* (in fact, Bayard Rustin's "From Protest to Politics" appears in both anthologies). Yet, the bursts of energy are finally neutralized—in part by the inclusion of dead weight such as an apparently unedited 50-page discussion among Sidney Hook, H. Stuart Hughes, Hans Morgenthau and C. P. Snow on "Western Values and Total War" which contains such trivia as Sir Charles's late arrival.

The dominant rhythm and structure of the whole, however, reinforce the central concern—to display the predicament of the American intellectual rather than to unite radical social criticism and political action. The contributors do not capitulate. In fiction, literary criticism and personal reminiscence, they explore intensely personal modes of resistance to a crass society.

In the closing essay, "What Happened in the 30's," William Phillips delineates the historical lesson of hopelessness, of trying to transform irrational, overpowering social forces: "The politics of the intellectuals has become the politics of governments, which means that the intellectuals today have no individual pol-

itics." Phillips argues that radical politics of the thirties and the sixties are both futile and equally anti-intellectual. The only advance—if that is not too strong a term—consists in recognition of the incompatibility of intellectual and political activity. Having divorced radical literature and criticism from politics, the sophisticated intellectual, Phillips concludes, attains a tenuous freedom. Instead of grasping reality through the distorting lens of political organizations as in the thirties, he can now "face history directly."

One wonders, nevertheless, whether this solitary confrontation is merely a modern variety of aestheticism, a realism of the uninitiated intellectual.

Does permanent rejection of radical politics constitute the intellectual's final wisdom, the exacting but necessary price of clear vision? Or does such disengagement insure historical nearsightedness?

## Images of Loathing

THE SOFT MACHINE. By William Burroughs. Grove Press. 182 pp. \$5.

### STEPHEN KOCH

Mr. Koch teaches at the State University of New York at Stony Brook.

An enormous amount of discussion has been wasted on William Burroughs since *Naked Lunch* was published six years ago. There was the underworld. There were drugs. There was homosexuality. One heard him linked endlessly with Jean Genet, a writer with whom he has almost nothing in common. Burroughs has not been considered as an artist, but as a phenomenon in a moral crisis.

And it is true that Burroughs himself regards his work as critical, radical. But the torn energy and violence of his four books have little to do with the crisis—what is it? does it exist?—that troubles his commentators. That, one presumes, is a crisis in manners, demeanor. The "moralist" in Burroughs addresses himself to something else: the freedom or bondage of consciousness, insofar as consciousness is a function of language. "What scared you all into time?" he asks in *Nova Express*. "I will tell you: 'the word.' Alien Word 'the.' 'The' word of Alien Enemy imprisons 'thee' in Time. . . . Prisoner, come out. The great skies are open. I Hassan i Sabbah rub out the word forever." In the accents of a grade B movie sage from the Mysterious East, Burroughs prophesies on the attitude toward language, particularity and selfhood that underlies his art. Let's not

In the preface to *The Russian Revolution*, Trotsky observes that "society does not change its institutions as need arises, the way a mechanic changes his instruments. On the contrary, society takes the institutions which hang upon it as given once for all. For decades the oppositional criticism is nothing more than a safety valve for mass dissatisfaction, a condition of the stability of the social structure." For Trotsky, however, the *status quo* is only a temporary equilibrium of irrational power—to be comprehended and dissolved through a synthesis of revolutionary theory and practice. It would be a supreme irony—for connoisseurs of historical irony and paradox—if the ex-radicals ultimately fail to attain the vision of Trotsky, the teacher of their youth, who experienced, as much as any modern man, a personal discontinuity of criticism and action, yet always affirmed their historical continuity.

worry for the moment about the truth of the prophecy—suffice it to say that it's questionable, and that it's not necessary to the validation of Burroughs' books as works of art. Language, like the heart, has its reasons.

Burroughs' ideology—the theme explicitly developed by *Nova Express*, his least impressive book so far—is based on an image of consciousness in bondage to the organism; better, of consciousness as an organism, gripped by the tropisms of need. Consciousness is addicted—it is here the drug metaphor enters—to what sustains it and gives it definition: in particular, it is addicted to the word, the structures of language that define meaning and thus reality itself. The linguistic formulas that fill our lives, he assumes, have hardened into independent, imprisoning realities.

The human organism is "the soft machine" craving to be programed by the world's "ticket." Burroughs' art is an effort to explode that ticket. Such an experiment is possible only during the late stages of a language's history. There is a large amount of parody in these books, based (as in the great early modern examples, like Joyce and Mann) on a certain self-conscious, liberating attitude toward the decadence of a language. But Joyce and Mann were concerned with the degeneration of literary language; Burroughs uses, primarily, pre-literary forms. More important, his attitude toward the problem of meaning is far more radical than theirs. Mann and Joyce are ironists: their achievement was to infuse irony

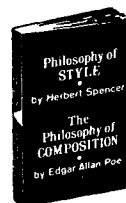
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with the temper of romantic ecstasy. But ecstasy is something one works toward (through the disciplines of asceticism, concentration, seduction); it is always the result of something structured. In literature, meaning and structure are virtually coextensive. (To choose a deceptively simple example, consider how much depends on the subject-verb-object sentence structure.) But "meaning" is precisely what Burroughs wants to break apart.

Break meaning apart in the name of what? Meaninglessness? There's no need to enter that tortured ground. Burroughs won't give the world any more or less meaning than it already has. His books are without meaning just as they have no stories and are not imitations of life. They are unparaphrasable experiences. Experiences of language, to be sure, but nonetheless unparaphrasable, because this is language without content. For language is charged with affect as well as ideas; it can be opaque, as well as transparent.

Burroughs regards words not as ve-

hicles of concepts but as instruments of provocation—as sensory agents. He gives their affect priority over their role as signs quite simply: by de-structuring, by destruction. Words, sentences, paragraphs, moving in these rapid, lurid, discontinuous “biologic films” are not concepts but things, put together in mosaics of verbal icons violently scattered across the sensibility with invisible artfulness. The books begin when opened, end when closed; there is no need to read them straight through. The reader’s mind plays over their broken, sensuous surfaces at liberty, discovering correspondences, making associations, experiencing images of the impossible, accepting, rejecting—creating the work himself.

*The Soft Machine*, like the other three books (one, *The Ticket that Exploded*, has not yet been published in America) is a collection of related, syncretically developed “routines”—sections from 2 to 50 pages—that exploit various images and voices in the surrealistic confidence that language retains its vibrancy even—perhaps especially—in a state of radical dissociation. There are romps in Panama, hangings, science-fiction wars. None of these are proposed as something to believe; there is no story to accept or reject. In the “routines,” the ordinary devices of fiction—situations, characters, places—exist as pretexts for unsustained verbal texture, excitement, tempo, coloration. “I was working the hole with the Sailor and we did not do bad,” the book begins. The sentences follow one another like the words that circle the tower at night at Times Square, an endless, but endlessly fragmented line. But though these routines are formally unsustained, they are given a certain coherence by means of repetition. Phrases, motifs, images recur like obsessions. And indeed, the energy of obsession makes this book live.

Burroughs has been announced (by Jack Kerouac, among others) as a satirist. This is not quite the case: he is a parodist, a satirist of the way words are used. Strictly speaking, a satirist must have an object, an intention. This Burroughs’ art precludes. Nonetheless, his work is obsessed with a quality of feeling frequently found in the real thing. I am speaking of loathing. It is not directed against anything, for almost nothing in Burroughs can be construed as an ethical statement. But some of his images have a certain lurid but real and remarkable energy generated by the force of disgust. So far as I know, his is the first work in English prose to exploit the rich intensity of loathing in a direct, unstructured, unrationalized appeal to the senses. When I call it lurid, I don’t want to suggest that

it is cheap. “Sensationalism” like it (e.g., the paintings of Francis Bacon) has been accorded respect in the visual arts for a long time.

For Burroughs, energized disgust is a strategy for making prose concrete. As such, it is an important, even essential, enterprise. The notion that concreteness can be achieved in prose with mere lists of names is naive: in an abstract medium like literature, concreteness is really a form of emotional concentration. Actual objects are able to provide it only so long as the names of things still provoke a sharp sensory response not yet enervated by banality. Unfortunately, in a period like ours, when prose style is in a state of extreme decadence, it is very difficult to make names play such a role.

In his images of loathing, Burroughs has been able to find the primary sensory appeal names are no longer able to call forth. Of course, the effort succeeds only if the images are given definition in some carved, complex way that allows them to keep their primitive energy despite the elaborations of art. But that’s what Burroughs has done in *The Soft Machine*, often enough to make the book one of the most interesting pieces of radical fiction we have.

## Violent Days

THE DIARY OF A RAPIST. By Evan S. Connell, Jr. Simon & Schuster. 252 pp. \$4.95.

### STEPHEN ZOLL

Articles by Mr. Zoll have appeared in *Dissent*, *The Village Voice* and *The Nation*.

*The Diary of a Rapist* is a pitiful journal recording a compulsive preoccupation with violence, scorn and hopelessness. It is faithfully kept for one week short of a year by a cowardly adult version of the child who rather expects it will turn out that he has been kidnaped from a prince’s cradle. The journal starts on the first of January as though, by this precision, to mock the irresolute and arbitrary intervals of the diarist’s otherwise unmeasured life. Six of the seven blank days are the resoundingly empty entries whose missing author has vanished into madness or worse: December 26-31. The silence at the end comes as no surprise as the diary reads throughout the year as if it were the last messages of a stranded Antarctic voyager waiting for the end.

As a novel, the portrait it gives of the rapist is little more than a conventional psychological case history in the terms of

which the reader agrees to have more concern for the subject than his victim. But Connell has achieved far more than this convention. The rapist, Earl Summerfield, a name like buttermilk, is passive, depersonalized, paranoid, infantile, latently homosexual, anal, etc. The symptomatology is corroborated by convincing entries. Connell has produced a powerful fictionalized documentary the effect of which is extremely troubling; he has moved case history into autobiography and we experience the impersonal subject of the first as the feeling author of the second.

Imagine a novel with these limitations: a first-person narration by the one and only character; a point of view limited to that character’s unjustified anger and destructive madness; nothing is probed or revealed of this character—it is all confessed—as the narrator is acutely self-aware that his personality is limited to obsequiousness, cowardice and false bravado; there are no literary devices—neither plot, irony, reversal, discovery, epiphany, etc.—only language that is inventive, flowing, disciplined and nevertheless convincing as the words of so limited a character. This is the cavil: Summerfield has no stature.

Even so, Summerfield is not used for violently confronting the reader with intimations of his own foibles magnified. A consistent literary formula for shocking portrayals of deviates, murderers, addicts and the institutionalized insane has been the hopeful nomination of a metaphor that we are all murderers, or that between someone else’s drugs and our own dependencies there is more than a casual connection, and, the dismal ultimate, that between an institution (such as Charenton) and the world, between the inmates and ourselves, there is no dependable distinction. This formula, however artistic, prosecutes, like a district attorney, for conviction. Connell’s book is an exercise in pity and terror; the diary’s power to make it impossible for the reader to keep from identifying with Earl Summerfield lies within its limitations: we are not manipulated or accused. We are made aware in Summerfield’s greed of the weakness in our own faith that we can ever be satisfied.

The 4th of July is the first of the seven blank entries in the diary. On this day of American celebration, the diarist committed his crime. He had first seen the girl in February; her American virtues of fresh good looks, church service, physical innocence, monied background, added up to perfect harlotry. The accusation is the justification to hate. Summerfield hates because of an unsatisfied greed for love and fame.

He grandly fantasies that he will be given a promotion, that he is a superior person capable, really, of achieving a career as a theoretical physicist or a concert violinist. He thinks he would like to be a woman and be loved and not require fame. His fantasies and ego ideals return to haunt him with blame and guilt that he was not powerful enough to make them come true. As punishment he tortures himself by dwelling on the knowledge that he is physically repellent, that he is getting fat and growing bald, that his youth is past, that his marriage is hopeless, that he is totally unskilled and will forever be underpaid—that what will follow will be only more of what went before. From dreams of stately world travel and encounters on equal terms with the international elite, he concludes a reverie, wondering, "What would happen if I tattooed my face?" In the pit of depression he saves himself by thinking that the girl, as he raped her, admired him.

The sin of vanity is Summerfield's only protection against the consequences of his greed. He feels he deserves, while simultaneously knowing that he is not worthy. The vocabulary of separate disciplines of behavioral criticism calls this lack of affect either ambivalence, fecklessness, or feedback impeding output; Connell's method is to make the reader see the squirming Summerfield as an uncomfortably recognizable human being. The recognition is not that we are like him, or he like us; it is that both Summerfield and ourselves—he permanently, we temporarily from time to time—belong to a woebegone minority of the unglorious that can never be justified or organized; a minority whose members share a failure of faith to believe in defenses against vulnerability; either absorption in a life's work, or a great love, or riches, or handsome appearance, or fame, a dependable pat on the back when one can't accept one's own.

There is a weak irony built into Summerfield's miserable position as a filler of forms in the Bureau of Unemployment Compensation. He administers to those whose lives are not entirely their own affair and have become a public burden. In Summerfield, clay that had once been touched, the vast distance between his reality and his ideas, a mocking comparison to the mere economic adversity of his clients, provoke him to violence as a hope of making the burden of that distance no longer his own affair.

Connell, I believe, would have the reader understand that this case history of aberration is not, narrowly, a psychological problem, but, perhaps, a religious one. On Christmas Day, Summerfield's last entry is, "In the sight of the

Lord I must be one of the many." Leaving off his private diary, he has given up even vanity and disappeared into the scandal of public confession. Connell seems to be saying that recognition achieved finally by becoming one of the many is a theological madness, and that human hunger unsatisfied leads to greed so monumental that there can be no hope

of satisfaction. Without hope there is neither faith, nor grace, nor salvation. Summerfield's obscene behavior is the best answer he can give his hunger; it is to save him from the abyss. Connell moves the reader because Summerfield suffers his mad logic and also disappears into the abyss from which his madness was to have saved him.

## Hinterland Theatre IV Washington to Philadelphia

**JULIUS NOVICK**

A theatre is traditionally an urban phenomenon, flourishing where people are most concentrated, and so it is not surprising that in this country, resident theatres are clustered most thickly in the Washington-to-Boston megalopolis. Washington itself has two of them; one of these, the Arena Stage, is materially and artistically one of the most successful theatres in America.

Mrs. Zelda Fichandler, the Arena's founder, "producing director" and guiding spirit, is (along with Nina Vance of Houston), one of the matriarchs of the resident-theatre movement. With her thick, dark hair, net stockings and brown boots, she doesn't look like a matriarch, but then she has been at it for only sixteen years. In the resident theatre even the matriarchs are young; the Arena, begun in 1950, is the oldest of the dozen or so such theatres on the Eastern seaboard.

It opened in an old movie house with 247 seats, and was received, says Mrs. Fichandler, "with instant apathy." But she knew that in Washington, as in every major city, there was an audience that was not being served by the road companies. And, after years of "staying at it, surviving, on Monday trying to get to Tuesday," it turned out that she was right. From the movie house the Arena moved to an abandoned brewery thenceforth known as the Old Vat, and from there to its present home, a custom-built, 773-seat, million-dollar theatre (paid for mostly by the Ford Foundation). The new house has been filled this season to more than 90 per cent of capacity; it played to some 179,000 people. (Soon there will be an additional auditorium of 300 seats for experimental work.) This season Mrs. Fichandler presented *Saint Joan*, *The Skin of Our Teeth*, *Project Immortality* (a new play by Loring Mandel about a dying scientist), *The Three Sisters*, *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance*, a bill of one-acts (Ionesco, Pinter and a

new play) and *Oh What a Lovely War*. It is not, nowadays, an unusual program, though it is rich and variegated; Zelda Fichandler has never been as audacious in this regard as the hotheads at the Actor's Workshop in San Francisco. But she points out that though many theatres are doing these plays today, the Arena was doing them when hardly any other professional theatre dared.

My first encounter with the Arena was depressing: a flat and superficial *Three Sisters*, directed by Zelda herself. Chekhov is the most evanescent of playwrights; everything depends on how sensitively the

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director and the actor can seize his hints. "Men dine, just dine," he wrote, "and in that moment their fate is decided and their lives are destroyed." In this production the dining was there right enough (I could quite literally smell the soup in the first act), but the decisions and destructions were less clear. Naturalistic detail is important in Chekhov, but only as a means of revealing character; here there was plenty of "behavior," but psychology was not much in evidence. Most of the individual performances were quite creditable, as far as they went, but they did not go far enough to interact and kindle one another. Alas, there are only two kinds of Chekhov productions: exquisite and tedious.

*Serjeant Musgrave's Dance*, John Arden's murky, beautiful play, is a very difficult work to bring off in the theatre, but the Arena did nobly by it. The Washington production opened just a few days after the off-Broadway production of the same play in New York, and was by a good margin the better of the two. The Arena's arena, a big rectangular stage surrounded by the audience on all four sides, had made *The Three Sisters* seem unfocused (it is not a good stage for living-room drama), but it suited *Musgrave*, which is not only the story of four Victorian soldiers on a mysterious recruiting mission in the north of England but also a parable, didactic in intent and unrealistic in form, about the futility of violence.

Edwin Sherin, the Arena's associate producing director, staged it frankly, but not self-indulgently, as a piece of theatre. He began and ended it by bringing on the whole cast in a circle dance; he had the simple scenery changed by the actors; important speeches were spoken directly to the audience; actors came up the aisles amidst the spectators. All these devices have been used many times before, but seldom with such control and to such purpose. Usually, in the theatre, we are overhearing and peeping at an action confined to the stage; we can take it or leave it. In this production, what happened on-stage was explicitly for us, to us, at us in the audience. We were never quite allowed to forget that we were watching something contrived for our benefit. Perhaps this is Brecht's famous "alienation effect," yet it did not alienate. The central characters never dwindled into mere metaphors or mouthpieces; things were happening to these people, and happening with conviction and intensity; emotional involvement with them was by no means excluded by the production—though it was made difficult by the diffuseness of the play.

At the Arena as elsewhere, directors sometimes come through, and sometimes

do not; the actors do, almost always. They are sometimes miscast; they sometimes show the effects of too little help from the directors; but their work is almost always at least highly professional, and often something more than that. Jane Alexander in *Musgrave*, for instance, played a coarse, dirty, half-mad slut without stridency, but with passion, with desperation and with a tragic dignity. As Masha, in *The Three Sisters*, Janet Sarno created in the first act, clearly and incisively, an intelligent, sophisticated young woman who rather despised her sisters with their vaporings and carryings-on. In the third act, when she broke down and confessed to them that she was in love with Vershinin, she seemed a different woman altogether; but her two inconsistent Mashas were both very well executed. Robert Prosky was excellent as Masha's husband, the stupid but kind-hearted pedant Kulygin, and he was equally good as a glib, flashy second-rate swindler in a new one-act play. George Reinholt played two widely contrasting young men—the shy, earnest Baron Tusenbach in *Three Sisters* and the joke-telling, song-singing, card-tricking Private Sparky in *Musgrave*—most appealingly; too appealingly, perhaps, since both characters are supposed to be homely and awkward. In *The Collection* (one of Harold Pinter's one-act exercises in elegant ambiguity), Reinholt played a homosexual dress designer without quite enough attention to the character's origin in an English slum, but under Dana Elcar's taut and lucid direction he and Robert Foxworth (as another ambiguous young man) had the air crackling with innuendo.

What the company seems most notably to lack is a heroic actor, a deficiency that was apparent in *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance*. Ted D'Arms, who had been very good as Andrey in *The Three Sisters*, played *Musgrave* as simply a sergeant, with a brisk manner and a good throaty bellow. The deeper authority and strength, the grandeur and mystery, the fanaticism, the madness, were missing. But then, who could provide them? Olivier? Scofield? O'Toole? Burton? Brando? Even without such an actor, the Arena has the best resident company in the United States, except perhaps for that of the Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis. And the Guthrie has the tremendous prestige of Sir Tyrone Guthrie's name to attract other big names; the Arena has no big names, and has acquired its own prestige.

Washington's second resident theatre, the 145-seat Washington Theatre Club, is one of the smallest Equity theatres in the country. Since the club can break even on an attendance of only 800 people a week (the Arena usually plays to that many in a night), it is able, according

to its artistic director, Davey Marlin-Jones, to take chances "that a General Motors operation can't take." Yet its programming is fairly conventional, for a resident theatre; this season it has given Anouilh's *Romeo and Jeannette* (a neglected play which deserves to be seen), but also lightweight works such as Murray Schisgal's *The Typists* and *The Tiger*, and a musical version of *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

Like so many resident theatres, Center Stage of Baltimore is now in the intermediate stage between small beginnings in the recent past and large hopes for the near future. It began in January, 1963, in a cramped and ill-equipped former gymnasium. For its fourth season, now concluding, it had 5,984 subscribers and a new home (a former Oriole Cafeteria, converted into a comfortable and well-equipped 350-seat theatre). William H. Bushnell, Jr., the executive director of Center Stage, believes that "the basis of any theatre in a community has got to go beyond its major productions." And so he has instituted a full program of auxiliary activities: a high school tour financed by the state government that this year visited twenty-one out of Maryland's twenty-three counties; special matinées of *As You Like It* at the theatre for high school groups; plays and drama classes for children. The plan for the future is the usual one: a new home in a new urban renewal project downtown, with a main auditorium seating 800 or 1,000, and a 300-seat experimental theatre.

Meanwhile, a competent but somewhat unexciting group of actors, under the artistic directorship of Douglas Seale (an Englishman who has directed at all three Stratfords: a biggish name for a resident theatre) works its way through a well-balanced schedule. The Center Stage production of *The Birthday Party*, Harold Pinter's "comedy of menace," was the best of the three I saw on my travels. It was directed for maximum nerve-racking effect by Brooks Jones, the producer-director of the Cincinnati Playhouse in the Park (where Seale in turn has served as guest director).

*The Days Between* by Robert Anderson (the author of *Tea and Sympathy*) was offered to Center Stage through the American Playwrights Theatre, which Anderson describes as "a group of college and community theatres which has come together to get a chance to produce the plays of 'established' playwrights before not after Broadway." By September, fifty theatres will have mounted *The Days Between*, but Center Stage is the only professional theatre I know that has been willing to touch it. Its theme is

the perennial, almost the obsessional, theme of American drama since O'Neill: the self-deluder forced in the end to face himself for what he really is. Anderson's hero is a writer, the author of one good novel in his youth, who has been struggling ever since to write his second book. Five minutes after the play begins we know he never will.

This fatal disability aside, the play is competently—somewhat too competently—constructed in the old-fashioned way: everything is smooth and neatly dove-tailed; you can see where every line is going. Furthermore, the dialogue is highfalutin and hollow ("I became sick with this indescribable longing." "How can you say that?" "Because it's the truth."), and the characters are gracious, grammatical puppets. There is a certain amount of entertainment to be derived from watching them glide neatly through their carefully arranged paces (or perhaps I thought so because no play about "writer's block" can ever be without interest to a writer). But *The Days Between* is dead. Douglas Seale's production (on an impressive multi-level set by Mark Rodgers) was decent enough, but unavailing; the leading actors looked about ten years too young for their roles, but it did not matter.

*The Chinese Wall*, by the Swiss writer Max Frisch, which succeeded *The Days Between* at Center Stage, is a very different kind of bad play: shapeless, whereas *The Days Between* is all too carefully shaped. Buried in *The Chinese Wall* is an unsubtle but effective one-act parable about an ancient emperor of China, "Tsin She Hwang Ti, called the Son of Heaven, he who is always in the right," who presides at the trial of a mute child on the charge of being a revolutionary called The Voice of the People, and who is provoked by the mute's impassivity into screaming out the truth about his own tyrannical crimes. (This Emperor was strongly played in Baltimore by John Schuck.) But Frisch has added a character called the Contemporary, a 20th-century intellectual (or so the playwright says) who gets involved in the action and spouts yards and yards of platitude. The point seems to be something about the impotence of well-meaning intellectuals in the face of tyranny, but it is not made very economically. And then Frisch has filled out his cast with Romeo and Juliet, Napoleon, Columbus, Pontius Pilate, Don Juan, Brutus, Philip of Spain and Cleopatra, who carry on and on for no good reason that was evident to me; perhaps it all has something to do with the Teutonic sense of humor.

In this meandering free-for-all, Seale saw the opportunity for a directorial tour de force. Influenced, perhaps, by

Peter Brook and *Marat/Sade*, he set the play not in a madhouse but in a circus. The Contemporary became the ringmaster, Romeo and Juliet the acrobats, Napoleon a clown, Cleopatra a gum-chewing stripper, and so on. In the Emperor's speech about "the Great Order, which we call the True Order and the Only Order and the Final Order!" (according to the published translation), the word "Order" was changed to "Society." The Mandarins were dressed in K.K.K. sheets; Brutus wore a big "Make Love Not War" button pinned to his leotards. In the first act, it seemed to me, Seale's inventiveness was not quite sufficient to offset the innate dullness of the script; but the second (which contains, along with more dull stuff, most of the action in the play) was a splendid piece of theatre.

At any rate, the production showed a laudable determination on the part of Center Stage to stir things up in Baltimore. Interestingly enough, *The Days Between*, which is pseudo-realistic and easy to follow, was not popular there; people seemed to prefer an absurdist comedy-melodrama like *The Birthday Party*, or a didactic extravaganza like *The Chinese Wall*. (None of these three plays, incidentally, has yet been done professionally in New York.)

In Philadelphia, a young organization called the Theatre of the Living Arts seems even more intent on keeping things stirred up. The Living Arts opened a year ago last January in a 407-seat converted movie house in a Negro slum section. Its story is a familiar one: this season, its second, it had 8,500 subscribers; it played to 80 to 85 per cent of capacity; it expects to build a new theatre of 800 or 900 seats. In its brief existence, however, it has already received an extraordinary amount of attention. A couple of fairly well-known New York playwrights have expressed interest in writing for it. The New York press has taken notice. Robert Brustein, the new dean of the Yale Drama School, has invited the company to give its production of Samuel Beckett's *Endgame* at Yale. It has also been invited, along with the Stratford (Ontario) Shakespeare Festival, the Guthrie Theatre of Minneapolis, and the Arena Stage of Washington, to appear at a resident theatre festival that will be held in a Broadway theatre in 1967. Some of this attention is attributable to the fact that the theatre is only about an hour and a half from New York; but a good deal of it, I think, comes from the air of excitement that—sometimes at least—prevails there.

André Gregory, the artistic director at the Living Arts, is a member of the

Actor's Studio, and acknowledges its influence on his work. But perhaps because he has worked in Europe with Bertolt Brecht's Berliner Ensemble he appears to be free of the various kinds of corruption (whatever they are; authorities differ) for which the Studio is, justly or unjustly, notorious. "Just doing plays well is nice," he says. "It's a value, but it's not a prime value." He wants his theatre to be the place where the community comes to question itself. One of the purposes of the Living Arts should be, he believes, to "shock and seduce—but more shock—into thinking. Things have been much too rigid in this town. . . . People have got to feel about problems that concern them."

This is more or less what most resident-theatre leaders want, but it is a tall order. One wonders how often an evening at the theatre changes anybody's mind, or causes him suddenly to begin thinking about something that had never occurred to him before. I tend to believe that the important effect of the theatre is subliminal and cumulative, that it builds up in a man's mind like a coral island. But I guess also that it builds up faster at the Living Arts than at most resident theatres (and, of course, a lot faster at any half-way decent resident theatre than in the

## **inquisitive ???**

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commercial theatre). Many directors say the same, but Mr. Gregory seems to be more in earnest about it than most, and his urgency is reflected in what happens on his stage.

This urgency was not overwhelmingly apparent in the Philadelphia production of *The Last Analysis*, Saul Bellow's self-consciously raffish attempt at intellectual farce. The play concerns itself with the opinions and obsessions of a washed-up Jewish television comedian named Bummidge, a "serious buffoon" who wants to broadcast the story of his life over closed-circuit television to an audience of psychoanalysts gathered at the Waldorf-Astoria. It was directed with high competence by George Sherman, the theatre's associate director; the broadcast itself, as staged by Mr. Sherman, was a hilarious nonsense fantasia on themes from Freud. As Bummidge, David Hurst was splendid:

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light and deft, very funny, unflagging but never forced, elfin but never overcute.

Mr. Bellow has loaded Bummidge with *Weltschmerz* and *Angst*; students of modern literature will have a field day comparing him to Herzog. But Herzog is not so noisily pretentious, and even Herzog is not so intolerably self-obsessed as Bummidge. Around him Mr. Bellow has written a repetitive, meandering script, full of lame jokes and peculiarly unidiomatic dialogue. A great deal is talked about the human condition, but very little is said about it. Mr. Bellow's foray into farce reminds me of the essay in which T. S. Eliot longed to be a music-hall clown, so that he could really reach the masses. I thought when I saw the play in New York, and I thought again in Philadelphia, that Mr. Bellow was slumming.

*Poor Bitos*, Jean Anouilh's acute and subtle study of the revolutionary temperament, is a play far more to my taste. André Gregory's production showed, for better and for worse, what his theatre can do. Anouilh's Bitos is a Communist public prosecutor in a small French town, graceless, uncultivated, fanatically dedicated and ruthless; in a flash-back he turns into Robespierre, his prototype. He hates the frivolous, decadent aristocrats of the town, yet yearns to be like them; when invited to one of their parties, he comes. But the party has been arranged specifically to torment him.

Mr. Gregory made it quite a party. In rehearsal, he provided a phonograph, and had his actors improvise to jazz and rock 'n' roll; the phonograph, the music, and a good bit of the improvised material ended up in the performance. The result, influenced perhaps by *La Dolce Vita*, was probably the most obscene, degenerate orgy ever seen in Philadelphia. I particularly remember an actress in a skintight, scaly-silver sheath wriggling passionately on the floor and doing God knows what to Bitos' feet. These abandoned revelers had little in common with Anouilh's elegant aristocrats, and the pathos of poor clumsy Bitos, the washer-woman's son who never knows which fork to use, passionately envying the cool, assured, exquisite Beautiful People around him, was lost amid all the hotly spectacular goings-on. But in its place we got a vivid picture of a lone puritan trying to preserve himself in the midst of a debauch.

Even more than John Hancock with *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in San Francisco, or Douglas Seale with *The Chinese Wall* in Baltimore, Mr. Gregory went all out for shock. He was brilliantly aided by Eugene Lee's constructivist wooden setting, with its floor sloping

crazily in several directions at once, by Mr. Lee's hallucinatory lighting, and by the unhackneyed sensuality of Adam Sage's costumes. A crucial moment in the play was marked with a deafening scream of electronic music and a blinding flash from bright lights focused directly into the eyes of the audience. One of the revolutionary ladies in a flash-back scene performed with one breast exposed. (We were demurely informed in a program note that this lady used to appear that way in real life.) It was an audacious production, very contemporary, very immediate and very vivid.

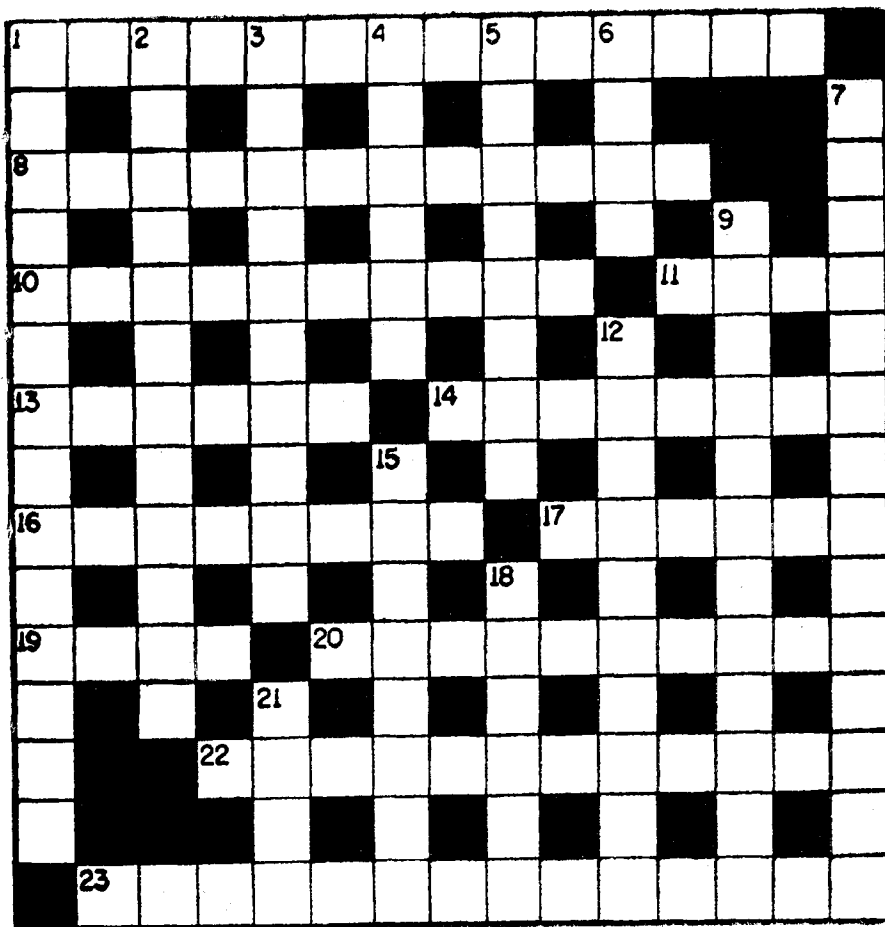
But it was a production in which the scenery, lighting, costumes, music and special effects were more interesting than the acting. George Bartenieff with his febrile raging was often intriguing as Bitos, but rather mannered, with a tendency to tense up and gabble indistinctly in moments of crisis. As his chief tormentor, Anthony Zerbe was competent enough, but in accordance with the director's scheme he coarsened the elegance of the character. And all the goings-on tended, to a certain extent, to distract attention from both of them. The Broadway production, like the London production before it, had no special effects, no *dolce vita*, no shocks; only two superb performances by Donald Pleasence and Charles D. Gray as Bitos and his opponent. It focused, as the Living Arts production did not, on two men fighting with everything they had, which is one of the things that drama is really about.

The Theatre of Cruelty can be highly exciting and bare breasts and blinding lights may have their place in the theatre. But nothing will ever take the place of good acting. *Bitos* in Philadelphia had an air not just of urgency but almost of desperation, as if Mr. Gregory feared that ordinary theatrical methods no longer work, that an audience must be shocked, galvanized, almost beaten and kicked, before it will pay attention. I do not think that this fear is warranted, and I doubt that Mr. Gregory really thinks so either.

But it is good to know that some people in the provinces are experimenting with skill, responsibility, and with qualified but very real success. It is not impossible that they will learn—and teach others—how to preserve the merits of their innovations without incurring the drawbacks, how to use shock tactics without unduly de-emphasizing the actor. Mr. Gregory appears to be following along behind Peter Brook (of *Marat/Sade*), who in turn is following Antonin Artaud; but it would not surprise me to see, in future seasons, Broadway directors and many others following along behind Mr. Gregory.

# Crossword Puzzle No. 1160

FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 What traction equipment might be for standing in back of the lead? (10, 4)
- 8 Their tops are supposed to fold over, but don't always. (12)
- 10 I read at least one version before the message can be destroyed. (10)
- 11 Not quite chi-chi, but still smart. (4)
- 13 The old sign of the guardsmen. (6)
- 14 Altering the constituent make-up? (8)
- 16 Little outdoor cooking, but that's not important. (5, 3)
- 17 An Italian used the octave before the sestet. (6)
- 19 Turner might have been connected with it, but Max Leger took it to heart. (4)
- 20 Probably no sign of welcome at such entrances. (10)
- 22 Walked about, but made paler when upset by it. (12)
- 23 Certainly not a consistent quality. (14)

## DOWN:

- 1 Should there be 400 in the Polynesian group? (7, 7)
- 2 A friend of the Department of Defense, or is this merely how it might appear? (12)

- 3 Four less than 2, in a narrow way. (3-7)

- 4 It ain't proper! (6)
- 5 See 9 down
- 6 In which effectively one sees Oscar, perhaps. (4)
- 7 Cocoa, sold as the standard drugstore treat? (9, 5)
- 9 and 5 Famous band of opera-lovers? (3, 4, 2, 3, 8)
- 12 Miss Crane? (10)
- 15 Forget an alternative to an extent, if you look at it one way! (8)
- 18 A common friend from Boston? What a racket! (6)
- 21 Inconclusive injunction to amount to something, but you might find one is in the soup! (4)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1159

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